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THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

A HOMILY FOR HOLY WEEK.

THE church, in the course of its Christian year, is remembering with solemn services the last days of the Son of man. Through the forty days of Lent, it has laid aside the garments of praise, and has followed in penitential grief the steps of the Master of life down the valley of the shadow of death. This week especially is given to low strains of sad music, as the shadows deepen and the blessed Lord comes to the embrace of the cross. I propose then, that, in perfect sympathy with that spirit which is pervading the Christian world, we should enter into communion with the passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Certainly the subject is a most intensely interesting one, in any view we can possibly consider it. If unbelievers absolutely, it is interesting as a matter of investigation, in order to learn what it is which has held such power over the mind of the Christian world for so long a line of centuries. Here is something to be accounted for; since the fact is undeniable, that the cross of Christ has swayed most mightily the human soul and conscience and heart through generations, rising and falling, like successive waves, for eighteen hundred years. It is to be accounted for; some probable account is to be given of it. It will not do to whiff it aside; it will not do to talk about priestcraft or witch-

craft, or any other craft; it will not do to ignore it as a matter of small interest: for, when millions of souls have hung and are hanging all their hope of eternal salvation on that cross, it surely is neither philosophical nor humane to pass it by, as did the priests in very sight of the sacrifice, wagging the head or lifting the eyebrow in supercilious contempt. It is a fact to be accounted for.

But, as believers, as those who have received Jesus Christ as in some sense the Saviour, it surely becomes us to endeavor to look as deeply as we may into this stupendous miracle of mercy and love. We should never be weary of considering it, studying it, praying over it, that God may unfold more and more to our humble and open hearts the great mystery of godliness, in this its crowning glory. And as believers whose appeal is to the Bible, as the book of our faith, from which it comes and on which it rests, we must confess there is great stress laid upon the cross, and the preliminary and attendant sufferings. We cannot read, I was about to say, any page of that book, without finding some reference to the passion of the Saviour. How full is the Bible of reference to it! From beginning to end, I find everywhere the mind of Scripture imbued with this subject. I must not stop to quote passages; they come thronging to all your memories. If you have never had your attention specially drawn to this matter, I think you would be surprised at the vast array of texts which bear upon this single point, and cannot, by any interpretation that does not interpret every thing into mere air, making all seem as vanity and vexation of spirit, be referred to aught but this single theme. Yet I will refer to a few, to bring the subject vividly home to your minds. The remarkable chapter of Isaiah is familiar to you: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." "For the transgression of my people was he stricken." "When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin." Observe, here, not only that the prophet refers to the fact of suffering and death, but also that the suffering and death were appointed by God. So also Peter says, "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain;" and Paul, "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering

of death, crowned with glory and honor, that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man." And Christ himself says, "For this cause came I to this hour." "The Son of man came to give his life a ransom for many." How completely do these passages confirm the words of the prophecy, and fulfil them!

But let us now take a few passages from the apostles' letters to the churches: "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." "For I delivered unto you, first of all, that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." "The church of God" (or the Lord; for I really cannot see that either name in this connection makes an essential difference,) "which he hath purchased with his own blood." "In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins." "Ye were redeemed by the precious blood of Christ." "For Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us." "He hath appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." "After he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God." I need not quote more, though these are but a few of a host. I ought to refer perhaps, in conclusion, to one or more of Christ's own expressions: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." "The bread which I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "This is my body, which is broken for you." "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

Now, these passages must have a meaning sufficient at least to authorize the language, or else the language is terribly guilty of hyperbole and sacrilegious exaggeration. Their whole meaning may not be discovered, as yet, by any mortal man. The wonderful significance of such words, no human mind, this side the grave, may be able to fathom and express. Nay, we are told that angels gaze, with adoring, wondering faith, upon the sublime mystery which these words declare. And shall it be brought as a fatal objection, that we are not able fully to sound or gauge this subject? If it was a matter which had its origin in human thought, it would be; for the human mind is capable of fully comprehending the work of a human mind. But this we are endeavoring to look into is altogether of the mind of God: it is

his alone, and revealed by him to our faith, not to our comprehension.

I think this should be considered on all sides more than it is. Mystery ! mystery ! all is mystery. God is a mystery ; his relations to the soul are a mystery. The soul learns to adore only when it confesses the grand mystery of the Deity, and of its relations to the Deity. We do not expect that God will make clear all his dealings with us in our common daily experience. How often have we to say to ourselves and to one another, amid the solemn, afflictive events of life, "What Thou doest, we know not now, but we shall know hereafter : let kneeling faith adore Thy will" ! And shall we think it some strange thing, — so strange that we must reject it, — that on the great subject of the rescue of our souls from sin unto holiness, in any manner in which God proposes to effect it, there shall be much that passes our comprehension, and which can only be appropriated by the soul through faith ? No : with reverence and lowliness of heart will we sit down by the cross, believing in it as our redemption, and meekly imploring the inward revelations which the Holy Ghost will grant to the poor in spirit.

I propose, then, to look at the cross, if I may, not controversially, though not as condemning controversy ; not theologically, though not as denying the benefit of theology. Controversy has not been the worst thing in the church, however bad it may have been. It has awakened the mind, too often inclined to sleep on the grand themes of its faith ; and the different doctrines, supported by earnest champions, have preserved the church from stagnancy. All shame to the rancor and hatred and mutual crimination and recriminations and anathemas hurled from one side to another ! But yet, out of all, I believe, and above all the heat and dust and blood of the battle, has the light of the truth shone brighter and farther. Theology, too, is but the shaping of one's religious ideas to his own mind. Every man has his theology, and must have, if he has any belief at all. It is often hard, harsh, stiff, technical, dry ; but, as theology, it proposes to be nothing more. It is put aside as theology, and taken up as living faith, when we sit down to talk with one another as spiritual, believing, evangelical, praying, heaven-aspiring men and women. But, whatever may be said about either controversy or theology, I hope to avoid both now.

Let me first, then, call attention to the fact that the Bible is the account of God's method of rescuing the world and the individual soul from the power of sin. It is necessary that this be distinctly understood and allowed, for all depends on this position. The Bible proceeds on the assumption that man is a sinner, and needs redemption ; he is under bondage to sin, and needs deliverance ; he is in a perishing condition, and needs a Saviour. I cannot see how any reader of the Bible can question this statement. Immediately after the account of the creation itself, it gives the painful story of the entrance into the world of that dark thing,—sin against God ; and of what that causes,—alienation from God, fear of God, distrust of God, hiding from God. "And they heard the voice of the Lord God ; and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the garden." That blessed communion, that free, affectionate, childlike trust, that open-hearted simplicity and innocence, with which they had walked with God, was all gone ; fear, shuddering terror, awful dread, took possession of their souls ; and when that voice, which but now had only the tones of a Father in it, was heard again, saying, "Where art thou ?" it smote upon their ears as a call to judgment ; and they fled, if so be they might escape the sentence. A terrible representation of the sinner's experience from that early morning of the earth's day, even to the moment at which we now stand ! The Bible gives us next the account of the call of Abraham, as the one in whose seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed. It tells us that the chosen people were placed in circumstances of abject need,—made to feel the pain and bitterness of temporal bondage and temporal suffering ; and that from this condition of suffering and sorrow God delivered them, and thus drew their hearts to himself. The temporal bondage led them to desire a temporal deliverance,—a sign of that spiritual bondage which needs a spiritual deliverance. All through the history there is a reference to somewhat yet to come, a Saviour yet to be revealed. Stricter and stricter grows the application of the demands of the law ; prophet after prophet comes to press home the requirements of the holy law of the Sovereign of the universe, that thus the conviction of its guilt and need might be brought vividly home to every soul, and the earnest prayer burst forth, "Who shall deliver me ?" The altars smoked, and the victims bled, and the

incense rolled up to heaven; the people bent in penitence, and the priest in the holy of holies knelt, while the offering was made; and all was but a sign of what was yet to be. We turn to the New Testament: it opens with the words, "Thou shalt call his name, Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins." The public ministry of this same Jesus begins with, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!" It ends with a bleeding cross, — strange altar indeed, but still an altar of sacrifice. And, all through the remainder of the book, what constant reference to his death as the method of our deliverance from sin, until, at the close, we are told the refrain of the hymn, which the angels and the redeemed of the earth sing, is, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing."

We cannot doubt then, I think, that the Bible is, from beginning to end, the account of God's method of redeeming the souls of men from the power of sin. Hence it is so essential that this conviction of the reality of sin in our hearts should be stirred up before we can receive and love and praise the holy word of God, before we are in any attitude to perceive and accept its transcendent glory. Therefore it is that so many read it for years with little interest, and less profit, who yet, when the Spirit has breathed upon them, and awakened the earnest cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" clasp the Bible to their bosoms, and part with it never after while they live. Therefore it is, that always in the soul's experience, as in the Bible itself, the law precedes grace, Sinai, Calvary. The light of the divine law must flash upon the awful secrets known only to the soul itself, revealing its guiltiness and the terrible penalty of its guilt, ere the mild lustre of grace and mercy in the face of Jesus Christ, full of healing, comfort, and peace, can be seen and welcomed.

I have pressed this point, for it is fundamental. Without accepting it, it seems to me the whole Bible is a sealed book; at any rate, its deeper meanings and holiest expressions cannot be perceived and understood. With complete acceptance of it, a light shines on the page, and a spirit moves and stirs in every word, making it the joy of the believing heart.

But now specially to resume our immediate topic: I say it is as sinners, as those who feel and acknowledge a need of redemption from its power; it is as those who, though conscious of

alienation from God, long for reconciliation with him, that we must take our stand at the foot of the cross, and gaze up at that wonderful sufferer who hangs thereon. Let us listen to its story. May I relate it? Would that I could, with all its melting, winning, holy pathos! There is One, who dwelt in the bosom of God's glory, who in the beginning was with God. He laid aside his glory; he stripped himself of all honor; he surrendered all his riches, and left that bosom of peace; humbled himself to be born of a virgin; took upon himself the likeness of our nature; made himself of no reputation; became poor, a servant of servants; having not where to lay his head, yet a friend of the friendless. Look at his life a moment, to see how thoroughly he entered into our condition. He "was in all points tempted like as we are." The wilderness saw his conflict, and his victory too. There, in those hours and days of fasting and loneliness, he felt what is the pressure of temptation; how the human heart is borne down and away by it; how the solicitations of evil talk and plead with us, mislead and deceive us, coming as an angel of light, oftentimes, to seduce us to our undoing. There, in that desert place, the burden of our temptations rested upon him, and he bore it. He felt the sharpness of human grief. Sorrow never appealed to him in vain; for he "was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." The little maiden sat up to smile again with a living eye upon the father by her side, who had thought that smile was fixed in death. The only son raised himself on his bier, whereon he was carried, to receive the embrace of his widowed mother, who had hoped no longer. The brother came forth from the tomb to the arms of sisters, whose hearts had been well nigh broken as they closed his eyes in the death-slumber. And was it simply as a conqueror that he approached to these resurrections? Was it with a face of triumph he sent his voice into the chambers of death, and called back its prey? Oh, no! he "was stricken with grief." The sharp pang, which bereaved hearts only know, shot through the centre of his soul, and he groaned in spirit. "Jesus wept." Beautiful words! How tenderly they fall on the mourner's heart! what a sweet balm of consolation do they lay on the open wounds of grief! Jesus wept. In that garden, he felt what it is to mourn: grief-stricken, he experienced, what you and I shall experience, if we have not already, the sharp thrust which

bereavement pierces the heart with. He was acquainted with grief: the burden of our sorrows rested on him, and he bore it.

He felt the awfulness of sin; what it is; what its fearful consequences are; how evil and bitter a thing sin is. What else can we make of that agony in the garden? What other interpretation approaches an explanation of that solemn scene? Consider it a while. How have the shadows been deepening around him from the time he began his blessed ministry! Their darkness has been visibly increasing with every new day. Long ago, he spake of his decease; but, as he approaches the hour, his soul is troubled within him: "And what shall I say?" he exclaims, "Father, save me from this hour? But for this cause came I unto this hour." His disciples, looking at him at one time, are struck at the expression of his countenance, as, pressing on before them, he ascends to Jerusalem: it was as one amazed. As he entered the garden, he began to be sorrowful and very heavy. He said to the three, whom he chose for his closest companions, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Shortly he left even those three, and went apart, and threw himself prostrate on his face, and prayed that the bitter cup which was about to be lifted to his lips might be put aside. He returned to his friends; and then went away again and prayed, in an agony so intense that great drops of blood started from him and moistened the ground. And this even the third time. Can we explain this mystery of agony? Will any light thing explain it, or suggest its explanation? For myself, I can only say,—solemn as it is so to say and believe,—it comes to my soul as the bearing of the burden of my sins. Then and there do I believe the misery, woe, and wretchedness of sin, which he was about to experience, fell with all its weight upon his holy soul, and it thrilled down in agony to the very centre of his being.

But now look to the cross, that dark thing which has so long bounded his earthly horizon. Stand at the foot of that vile instrument of torture, so vile, that, "by the Roman law, it could never be inflicted on a freeman, but only upon slaves, upon people scarce regarded as men, and by the Jewish law was denounced as execrable; for, said the law, 'Cursed is every one that hangeth upon a tree,' i.e., devoted to reproach and seemingly deserted by God." There hangs that divine One, whom angels and archangels adored, and whom the Father cherished in his

bosom as his well-beloved Son, and with whom he shared his glory. There he hangs, lifted up, the nails piercing the quivering hands and feet; a spear thrust into his side; his blood streaming down the accursed tree. There he hangs: the crowd below sway with their hot passion to and fro; priest and Pharisee sneer and mock and call, "He saved others; himself he cannot save," — verifying that prediction in the Psalms, "I am a reproach of men, and despised of the people; all they that see me laugh me to scorn; they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, He trusted in the Lord that he should deliver him. Let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him." He hangs there, on his right hand and on his left two malefactors, — thus again verifying the prophecy, "He made his grave with the wicked," and "was numbered with the transgressors." He hangs there: words come from his pale lips, "Father, forgive them;" "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise;" "Mother, thy son! Son, thy mother!" And now the darkness covers him. The cup is given him to drink. It is not possible it should be taken away. He must drink it; and he does. The dark cloud of sin, which, rising from the earth, spreads itself before God's throne, and shuts out the light of the Father's countenance, — that cloud overshadows, deepens and blackens upon him. It wrings his soul with its torture. It extorts the fearful cry, "Eli, eli, lama sabachthani? — My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" There fell the burden of our sins upon him. It rested upon him, making "Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin." The darkness which overspread the earth was but the outward sign of the inward fact of the darkness of sin in the soul. When that moment passed, so awful, so unutterably awful, to a perfectly holy soul, the work was done; and he gently murmurs, "It is finished! Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The head falls; the breast heaves no longer; all is still, save our hearts that are beating as never before: but in the silence their pulses are audible, and the interpretation of their movement is, My Lord and my Saviour, who taketh away my sin, with its darkness, and bringeth in the gentle peace of forgiveness, — gentle as the sleep which God has given his beloved!

Now, let us see if we can analyze the impression thus made upon our believing souls. I think we can discover four grand

elements which constitute that impression, and which are authorized and confirmed by the express language of Scripture.

First, then : remembering that we are standing by the cross in the attitude of guilty sinners, we necessarily feel, that, if ever we are to be reconciled to God, — to lose this sense of alienation, and be restored to peace again, — it must be by the approach to us of Him against whom we have offended. He must draw nigh to us ; he must show himself gracious, plentiful in mercy, rich in compassion, exhaustless in love. The great gulf which separates us from him must be filled up by him. We can do nothing till then. How can we approach God ; the sinner, the Holy ; the guilty, the Judge ; the breaker of the law, the eternal Lawgiver ? What can we bring ? what is in our power to offer ? Even our hearts, which is all we have, are altogether unworthy ; for they bear the dark spots of sin. God must approach us ; he must bend the heavens and come down ; seek us out ; stretch beseeching arms towards us ; show us, even while in the wilderness of sin, feeding on husks, that he is waiting to be gracious. He must show he is a God of mercy, who desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn unto him and live. Now, where on all the earth, where in all the region of heaven, where in all the chambers of the soul, does God come so near to us, manifesting his love, declaring, in tones that the heart understands, his long-suffering, patient entreaty, and willing forgiveness, as there where we behold him sparing (oh the depth of meaning in that word !) not his own Son, but delivering him up for us all ? How truly does the apostle say, “How shall he not with him also freely give us all things ?” “God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.” The cross is God’s everlasting declaration and manifestation to all the world of his perfect willingness and longing to forgive the penitent soul. It is the covenant of mercy between him and the soul, whose seal is the blood of his Son.

But secondly : as sinners, we feel we have broken the everlasting law of the divine government ; we have transgressed the law of Him who is the Sovereign of the universe ; we have sinned against Infinite Justice, and are exposed therefore to its righteous inflictions. “What shall I render unto God ?” says the

stricken soul. "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, and with ten thousand rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" In all ages, in all climes, amid all kindred and all people, do we find the idea of sacrifice. The idea is often imperfect, always perverted; but it is there in the deep soul of man, the world over, and can never, and should never, be eradicated. The old covenant made provision for it. The smoke of sacrifice from the temple-altar was a sign of true repentance on the part of the offender, and a token established by God of his accepting favor. So now, under the new covenant, we have a sacrifice, even the Lamb of God, offered for us. Whatever was necessary to be suffered, he has suffered for us; whatever was necessary to be endured, that the infinite law might be honored, its glory kept unsullied, its majesty magnified, its purity be preserved; whatever was needful to make our penitence available; whatever in God's ordaining and man's necessity was to be endured, — Christ endured it, offering himself willingly a Lamb without spot or blemish, holy, acceptable unto God. We need have no clinging fears, no hampering distrusts, no perplexing questions. The way is open to us, wide open; enter in with songs of praise. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, — that is to say, his flesh; and having a high priest over the house of God, — let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water."

And thirdly: the cross sets forth in all its awfulness the exceeding malignity of sin, in a manner that could never otherwise have been disclosed. For what was it that could thus put to agony the very Son of God, the pure, the gentle, the holy Christ? What was it that hunted him from place to place, from city to village, from village to lake, from lake to temple, from temple to synagogue, from synagogue to house, whether of the Pharisee or the publican, — hunted him as a beast of prey; him, whose voice was soft and whose love was tender as a child; him, whose steps, whithersoever they went, were wayside marks of mercy; him, whose compassion could pass no sorrow by, but went to it and ministered to it, soothed and relieved it; whose arms were ever ready to gather all into their safe enclosure, as the bird

her brood under her wings? What was it that came out against him at last, with torches and staves and armed soldiers, to seize him as a thief? What was it that placed that mocking robe upon him; that thorny crown, piercing his forehead; that smote and buffeted him, and made him, dumb as he was in the hands of his executioners, its sport? What was it that drove the nails and struck the spear into that worn and wasted and fainting body? Oh! we talk of Pharisee and Priest and Levite; we talk of the Jews, hard and cruel people; we shudder at their guilt and wickedness: but it was *sin* that thus crucified the Lord of life. It was sin, that cruel thing, always cruel and hard and malignant; it was sin, the sin of our bosoms, if we cherish it, the sin that to-day dwells in us, if we have not cast it out and trampled it under foot. Did sin ever seem so hateful as when you have seen what it did, and what it always will do,—crucify the very Son of God? Have you not wrestled with it, and, with the help of the Highest, overcome it, when you have looked upon the wounds it made in Christ's body? Are we not willing “to crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts,” that so we may not crucify to ourselves “the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame”?

But fourthly: if the cross thus awfully reveals the malignity of sin, how does it magnify the mercy and love which could endure it all without a murmur, that sin might be conquered, its sceptre be broken, and its enslaved be set free! How does it magnify the mercy which drank the bitter cup to the dregs, and without an altered face; without a word but of forgiveness; without a gesture but of entreaty; without ceasing to call, even to the last, “Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest”! Does not that mercy stream down with the streaming blood upon the kneeling soul? Does it not flood in upon that soul, and fill it full of joy and peace? What heart can rightly behold it, can really feel it, can truly enter into its unutterable significance, and not offer itself to be bathed in that ever-flowing fountain of mercy? Who can, who would, resist? What sin is not washed away in that river of compassion? What need of doubt? What possible question can there be?

“Sinner, come! why will ye die?
Christ the Saviour asks you why.”

Truly, truly, why? Can you ask more? Can you ask so much? Is not the grace of God in our Lord Jesus Christ abundant, inexhaustible? Come, and fall into the arms of that suffering, beseeching mercy of God, which has made the cross the central light of the world! "But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Thus I have sought to analyze, with what clearness of penetration I have, the solemn and subduing impression which the cross makes upon our kneeling souls. I repeat it, it consists in the conviction that by his cross God comes near to the soul which cannot come near to him; by it is borne whatever was necessary to make God just while justifying the believer, and our penitence available; by it sin shows its hideous malignity; and by it mercy conquers by enduring sin's enmity, and flows in unbroken streams to the heart that opens to receive it.

I can only say how inadequate all this seems to me, how inadequate all human speech and thought are, on this stupendous theme,—the mystery of our redemption. The soul that has felt the power of the cross cannot marshal its sacred emotions in set forms and phrases; cannot drag forth that which is its life, and dissect it before men; cannot tell all that its faith grasps: but it *knows*, and nothing can shake its confidence. "Simply to thy cross I cling," is the cry of the soul that knows that cross holds up "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Let me, in conclusion, quote the following passage from an old divine, as an excellent summary of what I have tried to say:—

"Is it not comfortable and pleasant to behold our Lord standing there erect, not only as a resolute sufferer, but as a glorious conqueror; where, 'having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a solemn show, triumphing over them'? No conqueror, loftily seated in his triumphal chariot, did ever yield a spectacle so gallant or magnificent; no tree was ever adorned with trophies so pompous or precious. To the external view and carnal sense of men, our Lord was there exposed to scorn and shame; but, to spiritual and true discerning, all his and our enemies did there

hang up, as objects of contempt, quite overthrown and undone. There the Devil, that strong and sturdy one, did hang, bound and fettered, disarmed and spoiled, utterly baffled and confounded. There death itself hung gasping, with its sting plucked out, and all its terrors quelled; his death having prevented ours, and purchased immortality for us. There the world, with its vain pomps, its counterfeit beauties, its fondly admired excellences, its bewitching pleasures, did hang up, all disparaged and defaced, as it appeared to St. Paul: 'God forbid,' said he, 'that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.' There our sins, those sins which, as St. Peter saith, our Saviour did carry up into the gibbet, did hang, as marks of his victorious prowess, as objects of our horror and hatred, as malefactors by him condemned in the flesh. There that manifold enmity (enmity between God and man, between one man and another, between man and his own self, or conscience) did hang abolished in his flesh, and slain upon the cross; by the blood whereof he made peace, and reconciled all things in heaven and earth. The blood of the cross was the cement, joining the parts of the world. There, together with all our enemies, did hang all those causes of woe and misery to us, those yokes of bondage, those instruments of vexation, those hard laws, which did so much burden and encumber men, did set them at such distance and variance, did so far subject them to guilt and condemnation; all that bond of ordinances, inducing our obligation to so grievous forfeitures and penalties, was nailed to the cross, being cancelled and expunged by our Saviour's performances there."

J. I. T. C.

THE DAY OF REST.

FEW words in our language have a sweeter signification to the soul, wearied with the din and bustle of the world, than this little, one-syllabled word, — rest. It is true, there are moods of mind when we long to go forth to toil, to struggle, to victory (for defeat, in such hours, is never thought of); when the energies are all braced to their highest tension, and the life-current flows

strongly in its channel, rejoicing to overleap all barriers, and thence flow on more proudly to the sea. Such are glorious periods in life's history. It is in these that man seems most closely allied to the one, great, divine life; but, with our present organization, they must necessarily be rare, and of short continuance. Rest, too, is divine: for God rested on the seventh day; "and God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because that in it he had rested from all his work." Rest is to be an element of the bliss of our heavenly home. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." And who of us but can speak, from our own experience, of the soul's cravings for repose? If there are times when she rejoices in her strength, and wings her way to distant regions, how soon does she long to fold her pinions, and bathe herself, to use Watts's familiar but beautiful figure, "in a sea of rest"! Yes, alternate action and repose are the law of our being,—of all being, it may be; and our true growth and strength depend upon a compliance with this law. God, who always adapts his requirements to our wants, has therefore set apart one day in seven for rest; and we are bound to consecrate it to the use for which it was given.

What, then, is the true meaning of a day of rest?

Some evidently consider rest as synonymous with doing nothing. When they awake at the usual hour on Sunday morning, and remember it is a day of rest, they turn over, and go to sleep again. An hour or two later they rise lazily; they come down stairs, yawning; and, having eaten breakfast and become partially aroused by it, they saunter about the house, not knowing exactly how to dispose of themselves. To get rid of time, they take up the book or paper which will require least bodily or intellectual effort; and, seating themselves in an indolent attitude before the fire if it is in winter, or stretching themselves on a settee in the piazza if it is summer, they read it dreamily and half-consciously. They try to come as near as possible to doing nothing whatever with their bodies, minds, and souls. If, from the force of habit, they go to church, they hear as little as they can of the service, catching a nap in sermon-time. Why should they take the trouble to think?—isn't it a day of rest? After church is over, they loll again in easy-chair or sofa; or perhaps betake themselves to the bed, to slumber so profoundly as to nearly exhaust the vital energies, and render it a difficult matter

to rouse themselves from the deathlike torpor which envelops soul and body. And so passes their day of rest.

Can this idleness be rest, — rest in its fullest sense? No, indeed: so far from it, such a day is the most unspeakably wearisome of the whole seven. Of all occupations that were ever devised, doing nothing is by far the most irksome; and it is not in human nature not to rejoice when such a day as this is ended: the faculties thus kept “in durance vile” will, of course, go back with a joyful spring to their accustomed activity. No: whatever rest is, it is not inaction of soul and body. Night was given for this, and is sufficient, in all ordinary cases, for it. Such a day affords no refreshment; it is simply a lost day, — just so much subtracted from a lifetime.

There is another mode of spending the day of rest. Many consider it a superstitious carrying out of an old Jewish law to make this day so very unlike other days. To be sure, they do not open their shops and offices; but their thoughts and conversation run in very nearly the same channels as if they did. They read very much the same books they do on other days; perhaps getting a little more time for the news of the week, for scientific and political discussions, or for the last new novel or book of travels. If they go to church, they observe the dress, attitudes, and behavior of those about them, very much as they have all the week before; they criticize the sermon as a literary performance or work of art; and walk home talking briskly of things in general, — the same things they talk of every day of their lives. After their return, they drive or walk; or, if not, their talking, reading, and thinking flow on the same well-worn channel.

Now, has this been a day of rest? At its close, are their whole natures refreshed and invigorated for the labors of the coming week? It cannot be that they are. They may be less weary than the positively idle, less weary in body than on other days; but the day cannot have brought them the rich blessings God designed it to bestow. When body and soul have been plodding on through the whole week, absorbed by worldly objects, and narrowed down in all their movements to the circle of earth’s toils and cares, enjoyments and sorrows, it cannot be rest in its highest sense to give the body only release from its daily tasks, and chain the soul down to the same dull routine, and force it to breathe the same heated and impure atmosphere, as on all other

days. No: idleness is not rest; neither is it rest to do the same thing which has wearied us over and over again.

It is because I fully believe that the day which God has sanctified (to use the expressive word Moses applied to it) is designed by him to become a far richer and holier thing than it now is to most of us, and to add immeasurably to our present happiness and spiritual progress, that I seek to draw attention to it.

It seems to me, that, in giving us this day, God has made just the provision we need to enable us to escape from the evil effects of too constantly fixing our thoughts on the objects around us; and that, therefore, in order to gain its full benefits, we should separate it from other days, — so separate it, that, during its quiet hours, our spirits may find rest from all the cares and vanities of every-day life, — rest from all evil passions, all selfish plans, all low and degrading thoughts, — and rise into communion with God, and with all that is pure and holy in his great universe. God's presence, we know, is felt by his children in the busiest crowd, and amid the loudest din of active occupation. Yes, it is a blessed thought, that, from every workshop and counter and crowded alley and dingy cellar, the heart of the loving child may glance upward, and catch the smile of his Father beaming in love and gentleness upon him, and thus become penetrated and transfused with a ray of divine light which shall make all labor light, all darkness bright. But, just in proportion as such a child recognizes a spiritual presence amid his daily life, will he yearn for a clearer vision of the Unseen, for a fuller and sweeter communion with this ever-present Friend. Such an one knows, far better than others, the blessed import of a day of rest. When it comes, he rises early; for the time on that day, of all others, is too precious for a moment of it to be wasted. His soul is in sweet unison with the spirit of the day; and he feels as if nature, too, sympathized with his joy; as if the clear morning light, which is resting on mountain-top and valley, were softer and lovelier than the light of other mornings; as if each leaf and flower and singing-bird were pouring forth a richer volume of praise than floats upward on the week-day air. He thinks of all the holy angels, and the myriad of redeemed souls who once struggled with life's trials and life's sins, and are now singing their loving, joyful songs before the throne; and his whole spirit is melted into fervent gratitude that he, too, in all his sins and

weaknesses, may lay aside his earth-born cares, and mingle his song with theirs: for his, too, is a loving, joyous song, and it goes up to form one note of that celestial anthem which surrounds the eternal Father for evermore.

When he has refreshed his soul by this sweet morning-worship, he is better prepared for the social duties of the day. There is a softer light in his eye, a tenderer tone in his voice, a gentle meekness and humility in all his manner: for now, as in days of old, when a mortal comes from the presence of the great I AM, there are traces left even on the clay tabernacle; something of the divine illumines it.

Of course, the employments of the sacred day must vary with the circumstances of individuals. There may be little children to be led to Jesus, that he may lay his hands upon them and bless them; or aged ones to be ministered unto; or the sick and sorrowful to be comforted. There should be solitary hours for the thorough searching of God's word, that we may learn more of his character and his blessed will; for the pouring out of the soul's confessions of sin and weakness, of its longings for pardon, for renewal, and for guidance; hours for the calm consideration of ourselves, our abilities, our strength, our weakness; for the deliberate consideration of life's duties, and for planning in reference to them, and for committing these plans to God for his blessing and approval. There are hours for public worship; for, if it is pleasant to commune quietly with God and our own hearts in solitude, it is no less pleasant to go up to the house of God with the great congregation, there "to worship and bow down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker." Amid all the enjoyments and occupations of the day, however, it seems evident that the thoughts should be of heaven, heavenly: there should be such a sweet sense of divine things pervading the soul, that the natural expression will be chastened and sweetened by it, and word and look and tone breathe forth something of its fragrance.

To receive actual refreshment, repose in its highest sense, the soul must be lifted out of its daily routine, and brought into immediate contact with the unseen and spiritual, that it may be aired, if I may so express it, in a purer atmosphere, and absorb an energizing principle to circulate through every vein: for, talk as we may of the union of the spiritual with our commonest daily tasks, it is nevertheless a sad fact, that the material does for the

most part overlay and smother the spiritual ; that the soul forgets her birthright, and loses sight of the glorious future in the changing, wearying present ; or rather it would do so but for this returning day of rest, when there is time for thoughts of God, thoughts of duty and immortality.

Let this one day in seven, then, be rescued from indolence, from worldliness of all kinds, and given to God and the soul's welfare. Six days are enough to read of stocks and bargains, of political cabals and intrigues, and of all the other "stir of the great Babel." Lay, then, the newspaper aside for this one day,—there are calmer and holier incidents to be looked upon and spoken of; lay aside the last magazine and novel,—there are richer pictures and loftier delineations of character to be dwelt upon and admired to-day than were ever evoked by the magic wand of any novelist. And the scientific treatise, with its valuable stores of knowledge,—shall that, too, be laid away? Yes; for there are more glorious truths than even that contains to be examined to-day, and received into your heart of hearts. Let it lie upon the shelf, and turn to such volumes (they are in our day neither few nor small) as shall quicken the moral nature as well as enlarge the intellect; such as shall bring you nearer to God, to holiness, to heaven. Then your Sunday will, indeed, be a day of rest,—true rest; and your spirit will go forth on the morrow, girded with new strength from on high to meet life's conflicts : your heart will be glowing with a deeper love to God, a tenderer love to your friends and to all mankind; and your daily life shall be purer and gentler, more affectionate and kind, for having drunk in such life-giving draughts from the fountain of Eternal Love.

If a day thus spent should seem to any reader a tedious and dreary one, I would say to him, "Try it, and perceive its effects upon yourself; let your own experience be the test." And, if he should still find it stale and unprofitable, may it not be there is some want of harmony between his own soul and what is noblest and holiest in the universe ? A soul that loves God, loves to commune with him, loves to bring itself under the immediate influence of the Holy Spirit, and finds rich and pure enjoyment in this spiritual atmosphere. Here only, too, he finds true liberty,—a liberty so large and glorious, that none but souls made free by Christ can even conceive of its vastness and extent. Oh, no, no ! No true-hearted Christian ever found that a day spent in

communion with the Infinite Source of light and joy was a tiresome one. Even that sense of sin, and that penitence for it, which floods the eyes with tears, and brings the soul in lowliness to the Saviour's feet, has a sweetness in it no earthly joy can ever equal. And when Jesus receives the wanderer, and folds his sorrowing heart close to his own great loving heart, he pours into it such tides of heavenly peace and love as only the forgiven soul can ever know. Strive, then, to become partakers of this joy, and to attain to the full blessedness which faith only can bestow.

C. C. C.

LETTER TO REV. DR. HALL.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have been interested in reading the articles of yourself and Rev. Mr. Dutton, in the "Religious Magazine," on the subject of the Atonement,—the more so, as I had for some time previous been reflecting whether there is not a serious disparity between what I may call the *exemplary and persuasive* effect of the Saviour's death, as held forth by Unitarian writers, and the altogether peculiar, nay, the unspeakably momentous and decisive, character ascribed to that death in the Scriptures, in connection with the salvation of mankind. I say "*exemplary and persuasive*," rather than "*moral*," because I find those who hold the "*governmental*" doctrine, as it is called, insist on the moral value of their view, and in fact exhibit it as especially calculated to promote a holy heart and life.

These articles seem to be highly commendable in their spirit as controversial papers. Having less time than I could wish for the thorough investigation of theological questions, being in fact exceedingly busy with the practical business of a laborious profession, I am induced to apply to you for a few words of explanation respecting the concluding paragraphs of your last letter. You will allow me to speak with candor and directness. What I want is light; and, as a minister of Christ, you will be glad to give it to me. I am exactly in the position you seem to have been in when your letter of inquiry to Mr. Dutton was written; and you will doubtless be as ready as he was to assist one of

your fellow-men. I may err in some of my terms; but I wish to get the same explicitness and consistency of statement that we are accustomed to expect in our courts of law in the investigations of legal questions. I shall not offend you, — because I understand it to be virtually allowed by yourself, — if I say, that, in respect to this definitiveness of statement, your opponent's system has at least an apparent advantage over yours, and that which I have been accustomed to hear presented from my pastor and others in the Unitarian pulpit.

Mr. Dutton says explicitly, that the chief and special efficacy of Christ's death was in this, — that God cannot, with safety and self-consistency, pardon infractions of his law, on a general scale, except there is some voluntary suffering in a Being one with himself, of such dignity and holiness as to show forth both the majesty and sanctity of the law and the mercy of the Lawgiver. This is precise and intelligible. But you say, "The need, the purposes, the influences, of all this (referring to the sufferings of Christ), are more than man can yet know, or his theologies ever compass." Again: after declaring that one object of those sufferings was to *bring men to repentance*, you add, "We say not there can be no other power there; but, if there be, it is not for us to define."

1. My first question is, then, whether the only difference between you and Mr. Dutton on this subject is this, — that, while you both agree that the death of Christ was calculated to produce penitence and holiness among men, he proceeds to specify what other efficacy it has; while you, admitting that it may have *some* other, are unable to affirm what it is.

But 2. You say, "This suffering was necessary, or it would not have been." You quote the passage, "There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved;" and you might have added the still more unlimited expression, "neither is there salvation in any other." I ask, *In what sense* is the death of Christ "necessary" to human salvation? You surely will not maintain that it is "necessary" in the sense above mentioned, — i. e., as bringing men by a moral influence to repentance and holiness; for you must, I am sure, believe that many men, and many thousands of men, have come to repentance and holiness, without having any such influence exerted on them, or any knowledge of Christ whatever. How, then, on your hypo-

thesis, is that death "necessary"? On Mr. Dutton's, I can very well understand.

3. You say, "His death must crown the life, and *finish* the work." In what sense does his death "crown" the life, and "finish" the work? I have often heard these phrases repeated, and have meditated somewhat upon them; but I am not sure that I get their meaning.

4. You say, "Without death, there could be no resurrection." But must it have been *such* a death? Must there have been the agonies of Gethsemane, the tortures and cries of Calvary, the violence, the cross, the bloody sweat, the awful insignia of a sacrifice? Why not a *natural* death, if the great object was a resurrection? In a word, do you not overlook what was most peculiar, wonderful, and divine in that death; viz., the tokens of *inward* crucifixion that attended it?

5. When you quote the unconditional promises of forgiveness to the penitent in the Old Testament, would you not admit, that, *behind* those promises, as a substantial basis for them in the divine mind, might stand his own method of reconciling justice and mercy by the work of redemption, so making the forgiveness consistent with a universal plan, to be "revealed in due time"?

6. I am also tempted to inquire, whether, on abstract or independent grounds, you would not consider that to be a stronger government, *and so better for the subjects of it*, where all actual offenders are either punished, or else, if penitent and pardoned, are made to see that their transgressions require some atonement, than that where every subject spends a considerable part of his life in disobedience, and then regains his standing by simply being sorry, with no such atonement to re-assert the majesty of the insulted law?

7. We find, all through the New Testament, copious language which represents Jesus Christ as a "redeemer," a "sacrifice," a "ransom," and much besides that corresponds, in addition to the whole sacrificial apparatus of the Mosaic dispensation. I ask, What is the obvious, common-sense interpretation of these terms; whether, if we should meet them in a legal document or in common conversation, we should think it good law, or honest reason, to define them as signifying "taking away (sin) by influencing the (sinner's) mind;" whether "redeem" and "ransom" have not a perfectly clear and fixed sense, as implying something apart

from moral influence, something paid over or done in 'behalf of another to procure his release from punishment or subjection? In short, I ask, whether, supposing the Unitarian idea to prevail throughout Christendom to-day, you suppose it would be possible to produce originally out of it, without absurdity and falsehood, the scriptural language that is used on this subject.

8. Finally, I notice that you observe of your statement of your own view, that it "should be judged not alone by what it contains." I might ask, Why so? But, at any rate, I suppose you will consent to explain what it does contain, touching *each one* of the above points, and so relieve a very respectfully and sincerely inquiring mind.

Yours with high esteem,

SELDEN.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

LUKE, xxiv. 18.

THEY walked as mourners walk, whose very steps
Are faltering with the burden on the soul,
And with a cloud upon each grief-worn face
Darker than shadows in Gethsemane ;
And the two stricken hearts, made desolate
By one bereavement, to each other leaned
As ne'er before : for *He*, their strength, their joy,
Whose loving hand reached down to them long since,
Lifting them out of darkness into light, —
The Master, who had said, "I call you *friends*,"
Betrayed by one of his own chosen twelve, —
Had on the cruel cross known agony
That wrung out life ; by stranger-hands was borne
To the unpitying grave ; and thence, oh ! where
They knew not. It had been a mournful joy,
If, by the cold form lingering, they might recall
Dear words the now closed lips had breathed for them ;
Or touch the marble hand which ne'er before
Had failed to clasp theirs lovingly ; or strive,
Though vain the striving, to recall the light,
The soul-light, faded from the unconscious eyes.

And, this denied them, the unfriendly world —
 The wide, bleak, weary world — but mockingly
 Answered their desolation, till the stars —
 The cold, the far-off stars — seemed nearer than
 Their lost Beloved ; till sunshine, birds, and flowers
 Took on the hue their sorrow wore ; and Palestine
 Seemed but *his* tomb, with light and hope sealed out :
 For, in their agony, they had lost sight
 Of his divinity, and for the human mourned,
 As *we* mourn for our hearts' lost leaning-place.

Yet he was there the while, and, hovering near,
 On their bewildered weakness pitying gazed :
 Then he assumed the visible, and spake,
 And with them quietly toward Emmaus walked ;
 Though, with their "holden eyes," they might not yet
 Recognize their lost Lord, lest their worn hearts
 Break at the dawning of the sudden joy.
 But the compassionate and heavenly love,
 The holy sphere pervading even the air,
 Became perceptible ; and their hearts burned
 Within them as he spake along the way,
 Until they said, "Abide with us to-night,"
 And thus constrained him lest he should depart.
 Then in those twilight hours, the sweet and dim,
 The veil was lifted ; and with answering eyes,
 And heart to heart, they there communed with *Him*,
 Who, *once more only*, blessed and brake the bread.

O Jesus, pitying still ! when from our lives
 A great light is gone out, and we astray
 Wander in darkness ; when the visible,
 The earthly, and material, cloud the sense
 And shut out heaven ; when we are tempted sore,
 And all our strength is weakness, — unbelief
 Its barrier interposing between us and thee, —
 Oh, come and walk with us, until within
 The love shall brighter burn ! "Abide with us"
 In our soul's twilight, and reveal thyself,
 Breaking the bread of a communion sweet ;
 So we shall go forth to the waiting world,
 Strengthened to glorify our risen Lord.

LECTURES ON PALESTINE.—No. 12.

THE PLAIN OF SHARON.

IN the common interpretation of that Hebrew idyl which bears the name of "Solomon's Song," Christ and his church are said to be typified by the "rose of Sharon." In traversing the plain of Sharon, one is, of course, curious to discover, in its variety and profusion of brilliant flowers, which one is worthy of such peculiar honor. That which has nearest resemblance to the *rose*, as we know it, is far inferior, in brilliancy of color and in beauty of form, to others of different resemblance,—is, in fact, the least striking flower of the plain. The confusion, on the whole, is pleasant; since every one may imagine that the blossom which he has preferred among the rest, and has brought away in memory of those sunny pastures, is the true rose of which the Hebrew minstrel sung.

The vision of Isaiah concerning the plain of Sharon is two-fold. In his earlier prophecy, its desolation is lamented; and when the Lebanon is "ashamed" and hewn down, and Bashan and Carmel, too, shake off their fruits, Sharon also is "like a wilderness." His later hope presents Sharon as a fold for flocks,—a place for the herds to lie down in. It is rather the latter than the former vision which the traveller of to-day finds realized. There are more signs of prosperity, more evidences of industry and thrift, on the plain of Sharon, than anywhere else in the Holy Land. The pastures there are clothed with flocks; the valleys are covered with grain in its season; the arts of husbandry are more forward than in other parts of the land; and, in the towns, mechanic trades are plied more skilfully than you elsewhere see. The zeal of traffic is greater than the zeal of faith; and they welcome Christians who bring money to spend, quite indifferent to the infidel garb which these "Christians" bear.

The dimensions of the plain of Sharon are agreeably indefinite. Some extend them from Mount Carmel to the desert, from the mountains of Judah to the sea; making them so enclose half of Samaria, and all the Philistine land,—the portions not only of Simeon and Dan, but the best portions of Ephraim, Manasseh, and Issachar. Others confine the boundary to that small horizon

which is embraced in a view from the ruined tower of Ramla. Some reckon Cæsarea among the cities of Sharon ; others are hardly willing to include Jaffa in its limits. A fair estimate of the extent of the plain will make it an easy day's journey, or about twenty miles, in either direction.

The general aspect of the plain is that of an undulating, thinly wooded country, with rock enough for picturesque effect, but not enough to hinder the labor of tillage; with numerous villages,—one on the brow of almost every swell; frequent fountains, shaded by trees, and furnished with troughs and rude seats; roads, in some instances wide enough for carriages to pass; and graceful bridges over the rather scanty streams. Around the villages are usually groves, of greater or less extent, of mulberry, olive, and orange, mingled with larger forest trees. An air of quiet, but not of desolation, seems to rest on this plain. The ploughmen drive lazily through the rich soil their clumsy shares, but they keep at work; and the shepherds, indolent as they seem, are still there with their flocks to give life to the landscape.

The three principal towns on the plain are Jaffa, Lüdd, and Ramla,—all of them dignified by scriptural associations, conspicuous in Christian history, and commercially important to-day. Jaffa is the port of Jerusalem; Lüdd is the place where the roads from the coast, the mountains, and the northern provinces, meet; and Ramla is the point where the change from camels to horses, in a Syrian journey, is usually made. In all these places, there are monks who give the traveller religious welcome, guards who watch him, and sharpers who will lose no chance to outwit him in his necessary bargains.

Jaffa is to Jerusalem what Civita Vecchia is to Rome, and is at about the same distance from the city which it supplies. It is the only port of Palestine which is regularly visited by the steamers of foreign nations; and these, when the weather is forbidding, neglect so dangerous an anchorage. Its roadstead seems hardly worthy the name of harbor; and only the breakwater, which is broken in the winter as regularly as it is repaired in summer, poorly separates its rugged rocks from the ordinary coast of the sea. Yet it boasts of a most venerable antiquity,—a harbor even earlier than those of Sidon and Tyre. Among the numerous worthies whose connection with the city has fixed its

sanctity, the name of Noah is mentioned; and the first and most memorable instance of ship-building on record, in the history of the world, is said to have appeared in this harbor. Communication by sea with Egypt was easy and frequent at an early period. The tradition that Jonah sailed from Jaffa on his unlucky voyage, devoutly believed by the monks and the Moslems to this day, and not shaken by the fact that no fish large enough to swallow a prophet do swim in that sea, ought to settle the vexed question concerning the region of Tarshish. It is undoubted, that the ships of Solomon landed their cargoes of Lebanon cedars at the piers of Joppa (which was the ancient name of Jaffa), and that rafts of the precious wood were broken up under those walls. The same species of commerce is mentioned in connection with Joppa at the building of the second temple. The port of Joppa, if Chateaubriand may be trusted, was the scene of the exposure and rescue of the beautiful Andromeda; and a comparison of Heathen with Christian annalists fixes several details of that exploit of Perseus. Scaurus sent back the dragon's bones to Rome; Pausanias saw the red fountain where the blood of the monster was washed off; and Jerome knew of the ring in the rock to which the maiden was bound.

The traffic of Jaffa is still brisk and extensive, but is chiefly by land on "the ships of the desert," or in the smaller donkeys' panniers. The odors which regale a visitor, and the beautiful fruit which delights him, as he threads the narrow lanes which wind among those orange-groves, prepare him for the animated and fascinating spectacle of the market-place. From all parts of Syria, especially from Jerusalem, Nablous, and Damascus, do merchants gather here, in the season of the fruit, to select for their bazaars the cheapest and richest of Eastern luxuries. Innumerable costumes, from the simplest Bedouin arba to the complicated masses of the Persian sash and turban; the showy dresses of the Levant, and the sober, tighter Frank garments, probably worse for wear, ornamented with all varieties of weapon, from the bodkin dagger to the ten-feet spear; cimeters keen as the blades of Saladin, and rifles more terrible than the mace of Richard; tongues, too, almost as various, of Arab urchins, who offer four oranges for a coin of five paras; grave Turks, who will sell at good bargains as much as a mule can carry; and cunning Jews, who will change the money for the starting of the

caravan, so that they may make a good thing of it; — these form the central group, around which the jugglers and the idlers, the veiled women, the nurses with children, the lazy animals, and the soft sky, gather to complete the picture of a market-day at Jaffa.

The principal street of the town leads from the market-place, along the margin of the sea, separated from the dashing waves only by a wall, and bordered on its inner side by gloomy warehouses, until it reaches the sacred quarter where apostolic tradition rests, and where monks and consuls dwell. The American consul, a serious Armenian, has an eye at once for piety and for business, and, after he has refreshed you with the good things of his mansion, will direct you with equal promptness to the Custom House and the house of St. Simon, which are both close at hand, — the one on the right, and the other on the left. We could not learn, among the numerous legends of Joppa, that Solomon built a custom-house where the present one stands, or vexed his subjects with such tariffs as now prevail; nor could we select, from the strange group of monks and beggars who stood with us, "about the sixth hour," on the top of Simon's house, any fit representative of the apostle, who witnessed on that spot so instructive a vision. There were many things "common," and some things "unclean," in that company; and we had doubts whether it were safe to touch the "vessel," which was thrice let down into the sacred well, that we might drink abundantly of the half-miraculous waters.

With less confidence, but with assurance sufficient for a devout pilgrim, do the monks exhibit the hallowed site of that house in which the excellent Dorcas, "full of good works and alms-deeds which she did," the model of all female philanthropists, was restored alive by Peter to the saints and widows who met to lament her dying. The spirit of that Christian woman still survives in the uses to which the upper chambers there have within recent memory been put. The wounds of soldiers in the Syrian campaign of Napoleon were dressed in this hospital; the Christian servitors, gliding round, held to fainting mouths the disciple's cup of water; the torn garments were mended by attentive hands; and, when death came, the bodies here were decently washed, and composed to burial. The spirit of Tabitha was never so well revived as when the monastery was turned to a hospital, and, for dull forms of prayer, earnest deeds of love were put in place.

The rooms now look bare and desolate; and the monk's tone is sad when he tells of their neglect.

Will you change the scene, from the chambers where Napoleon's soldiers were nursed and tended, to the ramparts where his balls fell in an iron shower, and, over the few rusty cannon which still remain there, read the narrative of the sieges which the port of Palestine, from age to age, has risked and suffered? Vespasian, and the Saracens, and the Crusaders, ignorant of the force of gunpowder, must have had difficulty in ordering their batteries against this finely placed castle. A vast force must have been required to hurl stones across the ravine; and we can easily account for the brave and desperate resistance of the garrisons in their intrenchments. But that peculiarity of position, which once made Jaffa almost impregnable, exposes it all the more now to the scientific assaults of modern warfare. A hill, just south of the city, easily commands it; and no disposition of its defences could long protect it against a vigorous attack from that side.

Jaffa will hereafter be mentioned as the scene of the greatest crime which stained the history of the French conqueror. Here were massacred those four thousand prisoners, who, according to the summary logic of that rapid reasoner, might not be released without danger, or kept without too great cost. Nothing, even in the terrible butcheries of Djezzar, equals the atrocity of this deed of blood, perpetrated by one who claimed to be a great leader of civilization. The only parallel to it is in those acts of fearful justice ministered in the days of Joshua and the Judges upon the rebellious tribes and the idolatrous hordes who opposed the conquest of Canaan by the people of God.

Jaffa is now a quiet and thriving town of some eight thousand inhabitants, about equally divided between Moslems and Christians of the various sects. The flags of various Western nations, flying above its towers, give it a lively and cosmopolitan appearance; and, at the time of Easter, its streets are thronged with pilgrims, going and returning from the Holy City. When Palestine is redeemed from its Turkish masters, this will undoubtedly become the chief mart of the land, and its commerce will justify the vain boast which is now made of its ancient importance; but, until then, no ship with sails will remind one there of the galleys of Hiram, King of Tyre, or of that ark which rested on Ararat.

The ride to Lüdd, about nine miles inland, is over a wide and

tolerably straight road, bordered on either side by rich ploughed meadows, and sprinkled, where the land rises, by extensive groves of olive. The ploughmen are followed along their furrows by flocks of small birds, which devour the worms in the fresh-turned soil; and under the trees, the storks of Egypt, with the white ibis here and there, give to the landscape a friendly and domestic look. In the daytime, one is hardly ever out of sight of a caravan, going or returning. Comparatively few travellers turn aside to visit Lûdd, although it contains one of the most interesting ruins in Palestine,—the remains of the Church of St. George. The fame of this distinguished saint quite eclipses that of Peter, who dwelt here for a time, and restored here the paralytic Eneas, causing so the conversion of numbers. Lydda—long celebrated for its schools of Jewish lore, large enough to be coveted by every invader of the land, important enough to be called the “city of Jupiter” (*Diospolis*) by its Roman captors, and to be a place whence coins were issued with the emperor’s head—is attractive to pilgrims as the spot where the valiant foe of the dragon was born and was buried. Almost in the beginning of Christian history, the faithful sought praise for visiting the tomb of George the Martyr. The rival claims of northern cities, in the Lebanon and elsewhere, were disregarded; and it was established (in the Latin church at any rate), that the chief defender of the faith in the East might be fitly worshipped on the way to the holier tomb of his Lord. Over the tomb soon arose a chapel; then a monastery was joined; and then, when miracles enough had confirmed its holiness, a splendid church was built. The various sects vied in adorning it; and, long before the Crusades, it was widely renowned for its magnificence. As seen now in ruins, it is a composite affair,—the result of many successive rebuildings. Portions belong to the sixth century, and other portions are almost modern. The Christians now may visit the ruined courts, but have no right to pray in the sanctuary. Islam has adopted St. George, and built its light minaret above the broken colonnades and arches. It is somewhat singular, that at the shrine of the patron saint of all the East, whose memory Copts, Abyssinians, Armenians, Nestorians, Maronites, and Greeks, keep with equal fervor; whose rude likeness is daubed on the walls of every chapel, from the Caucasus to Sennaar, and is allowed a conspicuous place even in the churches of Athens,—only a meagre handful of monks should

stay to sustain his worship; and that the bishop, who once here granted pardons to those who had duly remembered the martyr, should now be a pensioner in the convent at Jerusalem.

A fine plain, some two or three miles in breadth, separates Lüdd from Ramla. The minaret of the former is distinctly seen from the tower of the latter. Historically, Ramla has considerable interest. It is not, indeed, mentioned in the Scriptures by its present name. The nearest approach which we find to it is Rama, which seems at various epochs to have been the name of several towns. There was a Rama of Judea, where lamentation was heard over the massacre of the innocents; a Ramah, too, of the sea-shore, whose merchants had dealings with them of Tyre. The similar sound, however, cannot identify Ramla with any of these towns called Rama, since the significance of the two words is quite different. "Rama" means "a hill;" while Ramla stands on a plain, with very slight elevation from the country around. There is only the monkish tradition against a variety of internal evidence.

Yet, to your amazement, you learn that this, and not the high hill north-west of Jerusalem, is the veritable burial-place, as it was the proper city, of the Prophet Samuel. If you are not satisfied with this legend, you may delight to know that this is the Arimathea where that excellent Joseph was born who secured the body of the Saviour for his own new tomb in the rock. Here, moreover, it is added, dwelt Nicodemus, that conscientious Pharisee, who secretly sought to know of Jesus' doctrine, and refused to consent to the injustice of his fellows. Still farther, you are directed to a delightful spot, where the Holy Family, fleeing to Egypt, stopped for refreshment and rest. A beautiful and extensive ruin, concerning the origin of which even the assurances of the convent brethren in Ramla are not quite satisfying, marks this last-mentioned spot. They call the tall, elegant minaret the "Tower of the Forty Martyrs," and insist that it is one of the numerous monuments which pious Helena left in the land. But the horse-shoe arches in the cloisters, the Saracenic ornaments in the wall, the whole style and arrangement, show readily that Moslems, and not Christians, presided at its building. Except for the minaret, the Arabic inscriptions, and the uniform reverence which Christians and Moslems alike pay to the place, it might now be mistaken for a large house of entertainment for

caravans. We saw Bedouins stabbing their camels and smoking their pipes in the corridors; and the sepulchral hollows seemed more fitted for granaries than for tombs of martyrs. From the top of the minaret, which rises above the plain some one hundred and twenty feet, we had, at set of sun, a glorious view of the surrounding country. There are few more beautiful pictures of the Holy Land to be remembered. The quadrangle below, with its arched sides, and its groups reposing beneath; the white dome in the centre, marking the tomb of some noble or saint; the surrounding graveyard, full of its low, triangular stones; the groves sloping off to the well of Helena, to which cattle and camels were going to prepare themselves for night; the mischievous children frolicking before the city walls; the distant hills of Judea, reflecting back the glow of the sky; the gray roofs of the clustered houses; and the slow-waving flags on the various consulates, conspicuous among them the "stars and stripes" of America,—all these, with the soft murmurs of falling day and the odors of a thousand curious flowers, make that sunset hour on the Martyr's Tower at Ramla the most pleasant of memories. A door on the west side of the town opens to the Spanish convent, which stands, as they say, on the site of Nicodemus's house. The brethren, thirteen in number, are Franciscans in their monastic connection, and as hospitable as most of their brethren. They are better acquainted with the traditions than with the true history of the town where they dwell, and show with most pride the pictures which illustrate the connection of the saints of Arimathaea with the Scripture story. They have few books, except their missals; but the number and variety of their *cats* tempt one to inquire if there is any authentic mention of Nicodemus as the patron's saint of that race of animals. If their statements are correct, the Christians in Ramla are comfortably off, numbering more than a thousand souls, and holding in their hands the best traffic and the most available wealth.

The population and wealth now must be far less than in the time of the Crusades, when Ramla was one of the most favored cities in Palestine, was the seat of a bishopric, saw tournaments on its surrounding plains, and held the granaries for caravans and armies. Then it was next to Jerusalem in the esteem of the pilgrims; now it offers, in its narrow streets, only the usual grotesque spectacle of an Arab trading-town. Those who tarry

there, on their way to Jerusalem, think more of the city on those hills, separated only by a day, than of the village where they are resting. To-morrow night shall find them within the gates which they have desired so long to see, and travelled so far to reach. The plain of Sharon, and its cities, are too near to the hills around Jerusalem to be patiently explored; and though there are other cities on that plain, other ruins and ways, which might reward curiosity, few visit more than those which we have mentioned. A lemon-leaf from the tree of Nicodemus, a rose from the banks of the Rubin, a sprig of mignonette from the side of Helena's well, and the parting blessing of the monk, who bids you "God speed" on your pilgrim way, — these shall be your tokens of that beautiful plain. Perhaps, too, the power of association will bring to your mind that hymn of Scott, which sings of the pure heart as better in its offering than Sharon's fields; or that more beautiful hymn of Heber, which exalts the loveliness of early religion.

C. H. B.

DUTY AND COMMON SENSE.

[The meaning of the following curious and satirical criticism on the popular appeals of the pulpit will probably be found out by a careful reading. We shall be ready to receive a defence from the accused. — ED.]

MIGHT not our clergymen appeal more directly to the selfishness of men; for the cultivation of the religious sentiment? It seems to us the time has come when such appeal is not only safely practicable, but in some degree requisite for the maintenance of that sentiment in vigorous activity. The instinct of providing for one's self is a fundamental, constitutional principle of rational life, and, as such, worthy of respect, of training and directing, of cultivation. That it sometimes grows to an excessive prominence, harmful alike to the individual and to society, does not controvert the position we assume. Such is its crude, morbid, uncultivated condition; and so far from inducing us to turn away from it, as unworthy our attention, that should lead us to perceive the importance of recognizing it, and giving it the direction most favorable for preserving and increasing its usefulness, its capability for benefiting both its possessor, and mankind at large.

"Self love and social are the same," we read somewhere; and the sentence appears at this moment like one of those "apples of gold in pictures of silver" which are very likely to secure their own perpetuity. But, in remembering them, let us not neglect the wisdom these words contain; let us not forget that enlightened self-regard looks to the society in which the individual is placed, and realizes that every thing which benefits that society benefits him or her, and that nothing is really advantageous to the latter unless all are, directly or indirectly, participants in the good. Let it be kept in view, that, in ennobling the traits of human character, we are ennobling men intrinsically; and that, as a high regard for self becomes a ruling principle of our daily life, to a similar extent will our individual happiness be enhanced, the general aspect of society be beautified, and the prevalence of Christianity become visible and actual.

However we choose to recognize it, the fact that we are all necessarily governed by self-interest is too palpable to be always turned away from, whether on account of fear, or implicit reliance upon the canons of the past. The idea of an individual's regulating his life strictly upon the rule of public utility is very sublime in conception, and surpassingly beautiful in the solitary example standing forth in such bold relief from the history of man; but it is an idea which seems not likely to become very extensively actualized by following our common courses of instruction. Self-denial and self-sacrifice for principle always command esteem; but they are, at the same time, regarded as violently antagonistic with our nature, and as needing confirmation of the position that self-love was not at the bottom of them. And this self-regard is, in fact, too vital a principle of humanity to be totally subjugated by the voluntary rule of a first regard for others. Perhaps nothing great was ever accomplished by man, except where his personal interest was in some way concerned. All great efforts are, indeed, a kind of sacrifices, not to be made without hope of remuneration. Jesus did not reprobate self-love, but said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" and another, whom we consider good authority, has led us to the saying, "Charity begins at home." Do we not need to go back to these convictions for a better foundation of a just and charitable life than we are ostensibly building upon at present? The idea may not be a new one; but is it not nevertheless true, that the hope

of advantage, however elevated or however grovelling, however recognized or however imperceptible, is almost always the motive of a human action, where the will is vigorously exercised? The philanthropist, the friend, and the impassioned lover, will probably doubt the truth of this; but perhaps they have not thoroughly analyzed their emotions in this relation. For Christians to deny it, appears to us not less degrading than it must be prejudicial to their cause in the minds of men the exercise of whose reason has become a habit. Self-deceiving cant, at any rate, will never remove a conviction thus well established.

This respect for a principle of our human nature, which we are commanding, is not lost sight of in one branch of our system of preparing men for the concerns of actual life. In academic and university education, the importance of living sagaciously (for living wisely is living sagaciously) is not inculcated as an obligation, but as a felicity; not as a means toward a far-off future happiness, but as a present and continual advantage. The pupils are instructed to maintain for themselves personal superiority to an ignoble thought, action, habit. The same end is kept in view by the themes of their daily text-books, and by the teacher who expatiates upon a text from the Book of books on Sunday,—the same which is held before the common people in their primary readers and first-class books, their Sunday schools, and their household precepts and prejudices: but, in the former case, self-interest is enlisted to secure attention to these moral truths; and a spiritual rule of life is based upon individual honor, rather than upon social or religious obligations. These latter may indeed suffice for controlling the vulgar, who, it is presumed, cannot so clearly discern the relation between the two principles of our nature,—regard for self, and regard for God,—which have so long been growing apart, like the branches of a tree divided at the root. Now, as humanity is the same, whether more or less educated, enlightened, and refined; and as we, in this land of equality, do not wish to perpetuate practices which must necessarily induce a strongly marked disparity of souls, of spiritual capabilities,—would it not be well to look about us, and ask if there is any thing in our methods and manners which tends directly away from that which we have come to ascertain is for the benefit of all? And, if we discover any such hinderance, should we not endeavor to remove it as an evil?

The writer of this article is very far from wishing to lower the standard of spiritual life. Religion is as natural a sentiment in the breast of man as that of self-regard, and probably springs from the same root, — is the same at bottom. Personal excellence is one aim of both, when they are rightly cherished; personal advantage always. If our religion to-day is superior to that of other climes and eras, in what does the superiority consist, except in its being more in accordance with the truths which meet us in the daily exercises of practical life? and what has caused that superiority, save increased enlightening of the mind? The growth of this religion — the maturing of our creeds, and the spirituality of our devotions — has been gradual, like all healthy developments; and, presumably, we are quite far yet from a perfectly adapted system. But there has evidently been progress; and progress brings to new vistas into which we tend. The irreligion, — may it not lie in not regarding whither we have come, and in neglecting to improve the advantages thus attained for a still further advancement?

Is it objected that the masses would abandon all religion, if not compelled to honor it; if not awed by the fear of some indefinable evil consequences; if the idea of duty and punishment were removed from those, of loving, seeking, and serving the suitable, the pure, the true, and the good? Teach them, then, the *practical, present, and personal* advantages of honoring these, — of making them the grand aim of life; strip divine worship of its meaningless formalities; *show* them that God is all-prevalent goodness, — the never-compromising enemy of evil; that he is manifested upon the earth by the fitness of all things, the adapt-edness of each to every other condition, and to the whole; that our conformity to this fitness and order makes life pleasant, smooth, peaceful, free; that a violation of it causes more or less disturbance, and consequent suffering, throughout the entire organism, of which God is as the life-blood; and that the offender or violator, being nearest the disturbance, suffers the greatest injury, either consciously or unconsciously; in fine, *show* them *how* it is that personal, present welfare is promoted by living *justly*, — conformably to one's adjusted position among all created things.

There will be no necessity, in making this explanation, to thrust the idea of duty clean out of sight. This ought to be, as

it ultimately will be, apparent; but it should rather be *left* apparent for voluntary recognition than officially pointed out. Truth is not long hated, where it is recognized as truth; nor are men so slow to discover it, when their attention is rightly directed towards it. The idea of obligation is not repulsive, when its cause and aim, its importance, is fully appreciated; and although we may need now and then to feel the *weight* of it, — to be compelled a little, — this force should be kept visible as a reserve, not set in the van on all slight occasions. The function of the spiritual educator is to persuade rather than to compel; though he may compel, if necessary. But, since the idea of compulsion naturally excites rebellion in the human mind, let us, in emulation of the effective courtesy of him who would be "all things to all men," bend somewhat before its prejudices, and allure it to the good we propose, by representing to it the beauty of a noble act, the delight engendered by the consciousness of having performed such, and the calm, healthy, strengthening self-assurance it will maintain. Let us encourage a public spirit, regard for the welfare of community, of which every person is one member, — almost lost indeed amid the multitude, but still one, — and yet guard against forcing the individual to lose sight of his personal interest in the same. Let us portray the freedom acquired by entertaining generous thoughts, or the degrading slavery submitted to by giving way to such as are unkind, rather than dwell for ever upon the *criminality* of offending in secret. We should not demand too much at once: people are sometimes enlisted to great works by not being overtired at the commencement. Neither should we be too ready to indulge ourselves in the indolence which would rudely say to our fellow-man, "You ought to do thus or thus;" and, "If you fail to do thus, you will have to suffer for it." Let us rather make exertion to show *why* and *how* he must suffer, or to awaken his benevolence by setting before his view the amiableness and consequent advantage of denying himself for the gratification or the relief of another, to whom he may, or possibly may not, be indebted in some way. Let us not too rudely deprive him of the satisfaction every generous mind must feel while contemplating the worthy deed one has *chosen* to perform, by representing and always insisting upon this being regarded as merely a duty honored. It almost seems like a kind of robbery thus to take from a person

the natural reward of his good conduct; and it cannot operate otherwise upon a newly awakened and spirited mind, little enlightened, than as a discouragement from good offices. It is, at best, unworthy the high intellectual life and government which clergymen are benefited in their calling by having others believe them to possess.

The present ill repute of the old maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," ought perhaps to have prevented the labor upon this article; but the writer imagines there is good as well as truth in that maxim yet. Its disrepute may possibly have arisen in part from forgetfulness. That honesty should be followed as a duty, those certainly ought to acknowledge *in deed* who perceive the beauty and advantage of it: but all do not now perceive why it is desirable in itself; and, if they can be led within seeing distance by following the old motto (which may have grown from similar convictions), then it is worthy of being held before them. When they have advanced into clearer regions of truth, they can discard, and even contemn, the old standard, as a guide for themselves; but let them beware of dishonoring it so much, that others, who need similar aid, cannot have the advantage of it. They should hesitate before breaking out any of the rounds from the ladder by which they rose, lest they commit an offence against a brother, and prevent other members of their community from getting into the light. They can well afford to permit others to pursue honesty, because it is the best policy, while they pity them for having no higher motives in the government of their lives. It is not every one who is born with a *taste* for living correctly; not every one in whom such taste has been instilled from infancy, through childhood and into youth, to be cherished through manhood into age, where it is more than ever valued as an early help toward righteousness in heart and spirit. Not every one is thus favored; but all should have within reach the means for acquiring that taste, when they begin to perceive its influence upon those whom it sustains in elevation, if it has not personally elevated them.

Is it not time the great truths upon which all religion rests were set forth in clearer light before the world? The age of mysticism is past; the age of seeing the relation between cause and effect has arrived. Will the era never come when the great ideas, God and Devil, Good and Evil, shall be made comprehen-

sible? The spiritual eyes of the masses do not appear likely to remain hooded for ever; and if, when partially unveiled, they shall believe they discover in their prevailing worship little more than a long-maturing imposture upon the ignorance and natural superstition of the multitude, the latter can hardly be blamed if the whole humanly constructed system becomes an object of contempt, and its abettors subjects of ungovernable scorn, if not of annihilating revenge. Is it not better wisely to direct the development of self-consciousness, than to await the effects of its vigorous outgrowth from under the weight of a long delusion? Our Pilgrim Fathers came hither to secure spiritual as well as political freedom; and, while the latter is growing and passing on far beyond their anticipations, let us take care that our progress and prosperity do not prove wholly material, and that because of our scruples against admitting common sense into familiarity with spiritual concerns.

W. A. K.

HYMN : AGGRESSIVE LOVE.

Sovereign of life and death!
'Gainst thee no arm can move;
All yield them to thy conquering breath:
Teach us the might of Love.

No force can stay thy will,
No fiend thy counsels mar:
Oh, give to us the sacred skill
Whereby thy legions war!

They smite with Love and Truth,—
Weapons least understood:
Instruct us how to wield them both,
To conquer ill with good.

Give sword and spear and dart
And arrows from above;
Arm every willing, waiting heart
With the full might of Love.

C. H. A. D.

A YEAR OF TRIAL; OR, LESSONS OF "THE TIMES."

CHAPTER XI.

ALTHOUGH Charlie appeared decidedly better the next morning after his attack of croup, and for some days gained in health, the idea seemed fixed in his mind that he was "to go to God;" and he talked so constantly of it, that at last his mother said to him,—

" You know, dear, Dr. Clarke thinks you are getting well; so Charlie mustn't say he's very sick."

" Charlie don't say he very sick, mummer: but he see an angel last night, and the angel say Charlie have happy new year in heaven; and the angel looked so beautiful, mummer, and had such shining wings, and Charlie was so tired coughing, he wanted to go right away to heaven with him. When Charlie is a little angel in heaven, mummer, Charlie fly down every day to see you and papa and sissies. And, when mummer come to heaven, Charlie be at the gate to meet her."

It seemed as if the child, in his unconscious infantile prattle, would never cease torturing his mother's heart; for she was ill prepared for such an affliction as her forebodings told her was impending over her. Still, contrary to the mother's fears and the child's expectations, the dear little fellow seemed to gain; and, although he had occasional returns of coughing at night, they were speedily relieved by the remedies and applications Dr. Clarke ordered in such an event. But, for all that, he did not seem like his former self. Cheerful and happy, but no longer gay and lively, he sat in his little chair by the side of his mother and Rose, holding the former's hand, or laying his head on her lap, prattling away ever on his now favorite theme of God, heaven, the angels, and the Saviour; or listening to his mother's sweet voice, as she read little hymns and poetry of his own choosing.

On Christmas Day, which Mr. Selby passed at home, he seemed bright and well almost as usual; but, the day following, there were evident indications of some hitherto undeveloped form of his disease, and both Dr. Lester (who, hearing of his sickness, had come out to see him) and Dr. Clarke looked grave and anxious. That night his breathing became very much labored again, and his cough returned. The succeeding morning, Dr. Clarke came

early to visit his little patient; and after inquiring how he had passed the night, and making such examinations as he was able, he told the parents that their son was dangerously sick. It was evidently a case of membranous croup; but, as he had been successful in relieving several similar cases of disease by a new kind of treatment, which had been in practice only a short time, he gave them all the hope he could from this fact.

As yet, the sufferings of the little fellow did not appear to be very great, especially during the day, although he breathed with difficulty; and there was the peculiar compression of the nostrils usually accompanying that form of the disease. The nitrate of silver was injected into the windpipe several times in successive days, and in every instance with apparently promising results; but it soon became evident that the disease was deeper than the remedy had reached. On Saturday, December the 30th, it was done for the last time; after which he sat up for a while in his mother's arms, and asked her in a faint voice to read to him the pretty lamb hymn. It was that of the Alpine shepherd, to which he always gave that name, and which he ever took great pleasure in hearing her read, although, of course, he could not understand it all. After listening to it, his general comment was, —

"Good shepherd very kind, mummer, to take the little lammies in his arms over all the bad places."

On the present occasion, he said, "Charlie know, mummer, who the good Shepherd is; and Charlie so glad! He take me up to heaven; for Charlie so tired! and it's long way up there till Charlie get my pretty wings. Please, mummer, let Charlie go with Jesus; and don't be sorry for me!"

"Dearest little Charlie! mamma will let you go, if God sends for you; and she will try not to be sorry; for the Saviour will bear you in his bosom to our Father in heaven."

So spoke the sorely tried mother; for she did not wish toadden by her own grief the last hours of her darling, whom in her heart she had already resigned into the hands of Him who gave him.

The last day of the old year rose bright and gladsome as the winter's sun on the snow-covered hills could make it; but the sunshine and beauty of the outward world awakened little joyous feeling in the hearts of the anxious parents, who watched hour after hour by the side of their boy, and marked his increased

difficulty of breathing, and the rising and falling of the little panting chest, and the convulsive grasp, as his little hand tightened on one or another parent's clasped in his. Mr. Selby thought of the man who found himself in a dungeon, which, day by day, grew smaller and smaller, and which he knew would at last crush him to death in its grim embrace. Although his child was unconscious of his fate, he felt that a similar doom awaited him, as hour by hour and minute by minute the dreadful disease was closing up the only avenue through which the breath of life could be continued in him.

At times the strong man trembled in his agony, and left the little sufferer, to pace to and fro in the yard back of the house; but the mother's heart, though sorely tried, though heaving with an agony too intense for expression, never faltered or wavered in its courageous faith. It was as if she said, "The cup which my Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?" for now there was no hope. All that skill and interest and sympathy and affection could do, had been done; and it was but too evident that the fiat had gone forth, at which alike the strong and weak, the old and young, must yield up the burden of life, and "pass on" to —

"The broad fields of heaven,
The immortal bowers,
By Life's clear river dwelling
Amid undying flowers."

To the happy, how short the hours of that closing day of the old year! to the anxious, heart-stricken watchers beside the dying child, who still lingered on, how long, how almost interminable, they seemed! Just before sunset, the dear boy looked up to his mother; and a smile of such heavenly sweetness, a look of such angelic purity, passed over his face, that she thought his spirit had outstripped his mortal struggle, and was already in heaven. It was his last token of recognition. Soon he became so uneasy and restless, that she, faint with watching and the conflict within her own bosom, rose, and retired to another room for a few minutes. When she returned, Mrs. Alden, who with Mrs. Grant had been with her all day, had Charlie in her arms, and said gently, but firmly, "You must not take him again." She retired a little distance to a seat, and, covering her face with her

hands, submissively awaited the event. Just before midnight, she rose, and looked out upon the solemn beauty of the still winter's night; and, as she turned to go to her boy once more, the clock in the kitchen struck twelve, when she heard a slight sound from him, and Mrs. Alden's face told the rest.

The last breath of that innocent young life had exhaled with the dying year; and the pure spirit had gone where there is no summer nor winter, no old nor young, but where God reigneth for evermore. It was well with the child; "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." But who shall describe the parents' grief? "The heart knoweth his own bitterness."

Yes, all was over; and Charlie, the rosiest, brightest, merriest of that little household band had gone to the better land; summoned, in the first fragrance of early childhood, home to God and Christ, and the communion and fellowship of all good angels. As sympathizing friends gazed, weeping, upon the mortal remains of one but lately so full of life, animation, and joy, their tears ceased to flow, and they said one to another, "Who can mourn for the child that has gone, in all the purity of infant innocence, to rest on the Saviour's bosom, to be one of the lambs of his fold?" Meet temple, indeed, seemed that face and form for the earthly tabernacle of the soul that the while dwelt therein.

Very lovingly and gently had the angel of death taken the little spirit at last, and had left a holy look of sweet loveliness behind, as the farewell of the immortal soul to its mortal tenement. Brown curls clustered thick about that fair, high forehead; and his little chubby hands clasped beautiful flowers, ever so touchingly associated with childhood and innocence, and ever such fit adornments for the soulless body, frail and perishable like themselves.

But, in all the still, solemn beauty of his face,—

"The mild, angelic air,
The rapture of repose,"—

it was not Charlie that lay in his shroud, cold and lifeless. As his afflicted parents gave one last look at the inanimate little figure, they felt that he had risen indeed; and, full though their hearts were with an anguish too great and a grief too sacred to be described, they mourned not as those who have no hope; for they believed their darling had gone where, for him, there would

be no more sorrow nor trial nor death. They regarded this angel of God, who had come unbidden to their home and despoiled their hearthstone, not as Death the stern, the invincible, the inexorable tyrant, but as Death the gentle, the tender, the compassionate minister of the Divine Will.

Oh! if there is faith in the human heart, why is Death so maligned, so misrepresented? Why is he ever pictured as clothed in darkness, and bringing desolation into the homes which he enters? since he is not only the messenger of the Most High, as truly and entirely so as the angel of life is, but since he also opens the portals of heaven to many a world-tried and sorrowful soul, as well as takes the young and innocent from temptation and evil to come. If he brings present grief into earthly habitations, or if he causes a shadow to fall upon them which time shall never wholly dispel, does he not, nevertheless, lead from darkness unto light? and does he not, in return for the sadness he brings, leave a blessing such as no earthly prosperity can give? For the heart, yet untried in that most mysterious, but, to a true Christian faith, most loving, dispensation of God, lacks graces and virtues which can only take root and flourish in a soil that is watered by the tears of affliction, and whose nurture requires trust and resignation.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Selby bore their new and great trial in a submissive spirit; but to Mrs. Selby it was the final cause of a prostration of body and mind her friends had long feared. Nature will never be tampered with, and sooner or later revenges herself on all who, either wantonly or from stern necessity, disregard her laws.

When, after the death of Charlie, Mrs. Selby fainted, and was unable to leave her bed, to which she had been carried, for several hours, no one was surprised: it was what each kind friend expected as the natural re-action, after having borne up with such a wonderful resolution under all the burdens that had been laid on her strength. She, however, made a desperate effort to rally, and succeeded so far as to be able to accompany her husband to a beautiful rural cemetery in a neighboring town, where all that was mortal of their darling boy was laid in Mr. Alden's tomb, until opening spring should enable them to secure for themselves and children a resting-place among the households of the dead.

What feelings agitated that mother's heart, as they turned to

leave the spot henceforth to be so hallowed to her, none knew, for she spoke no word; and, although her tears fell fast, they fell silently, as if she would not by audible grief add to that of her husband. It was a cold afternoon; and as the declining sun shot its cold beams over the snow-covered mounds in that city of the dead, or through the naked branches of the trees and shrubbery so beautiful in spring and summer, every thing bore such a cheerless aspect, that Louise, who had begged to be taken to see where her little brother was laid, shuddered, and said, —

"O mamma! take Charlie back! He will be so cold here all alone!"

Mrs. Selby answered, —

"Hush, my love! Charlie is not here: he is in heaven, with God and the Saviour; and that must be our comfort. His little body in which our Charlie once was can feel no cold nor heat."

And now that the last sad rite was over, Mrs. Selby, completely exhausted and worn out, laid down on her bed, from which it seemed she might never rise again; so, at least, Dr. Clarke feared. But Dr. Lester, who understood her constitution, and knew how much she had already endured, said to Mr. Selby, —

"I think Ellen will recover from this prostration, but only after a long season of rest. *That* she must have, at whatever cost; and you must not sacrifice her life to foolish pride, in refusing to let your friends assist you in this your hour of need. I have made arrangements with Mrs. Alden to secure a good nurse for Ellen; and, if you have any regard for the feelings of an old friend, you will have no scruples in allowing me to see to it that she has proper care. No time for objection. I shall be out again soon."

And Dr. Lester, as if alarmed at having made so long a speech, hurried away.

But Mr. Selby had not intended to make any objections. Now that he had stood by the grave of his only son, in whom so many fond hopes and anticipations were centred, he had learned what trial was; and he was deeply humbled at the recollection of his former ingratitude, and repining at what were in reality only some of the minor evils of life, and from which, in one form or another, no mortal is exempt. So this chastening of a loving and merciful Father's hand, who wounds but to heal, served to withdraw entirely that veil of self-delusion which had so long obscured

his vision, and kept back the nobler promptings of a generous nature. He saw it all now in its true light; he saw already how much he himself had been in fault for his misfortunes; he saw how he had indulged unworthy feelings towards those more prosperous than himself; and he saw, too, how great the actual worth of that prosperity was, compared with the heart riches he had all the time possessed. It was true, of late, and especially since that memorable night upon which the angel of death drooped his wing over him,—and he almost felt his icy breath mingling with his own, and stopping the current of his life-blood,—he had been striving to gain the victory over himself and his rebellious feelings; and it was also true he had all the while been attaching an undue importance to outward or temporal condition.

But now all was changed. He was humbled; and, for the first time in his life, he was submissive as a child to his heavenly Father's will,—submissive, yet a mourner, and a man oppressed with grief: for how could it be otherwise, when at night he entered his cottage-home and missed the bounding step ever quickest to meet, and the merry voice ever first to welcome, "papa" home? How could it be otherwise than that he should for a time give way to those feelings which God has implanted in every heart, not to be repressed, but to have an appointed exercise, when the tenderest objects of affection are taken away? His, however, was a grief which, in God's own good time, was to bear a rich harvest, both for time and eternity.

By his recent affliction, Mr. Selby had learned how unconsciously to himself he had, through his own morbid and distrustful views of life, been doing the greatest injustice to the nature common to him and all mankind,—a nature full of faults and weaknesses, it is evident enough, but possessing ever God-given attributes, which, if prosperity sometimes injures, adversity or affliction is oftener instrumental in giving a right direction and exercise to.

Many a silent rebuke did he now receive from his sensitive and accusing conscience, on account of unjust opinions he had entertained of one and another of his acquaintances, from whom he was the object of many tokens of sympathy and interest. Not only were their newly-acquired friend Mrs. Beltravers, and their old and tried ones, unremitting in their attentions to the afflicted family, but Mr. Selby, in his passage to and from the city, re-

ceived many a silent pressure of the hand where heretofore had been only the distant bow, and many a bow where heretofore no forms of recognition had been exchanged. Even Mr. Watkins endeavored to say a few consolatory words, and offered him a few days' rest, which he was not too proud to accept.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Selby was laid low on her bed of languishing; and although she had no pain nor cough, nor bore any outward marks of disease, still day after day passed, and no color came to her pale cheeks, and no strength to her feeble limbs. At times, however, she suffered so much from exhaustion, that it seemed as if she might pass away and rejoin her boy. But what alarmed her friends, including her physician, more than any thing else (for her great exertions, and the tax laid upon her strength by the sickness of her twins, accounted for her extreme debility), was the change in the manifestation of her feelings. Usually so cheerful and submissive to whatever occurred, and so ready to converse freely with her friends upon whatever most nearly interested her or was dear to her, she now appeared to have sunken almost into a state of apathy and indifference to every thing about her, not even confiding to her husband her feelings, whatever they might be.

After Mrs. Alden had made such arrangements with Mrs. Grant for Mrs. Payson's comfort that Nancy might be duly installed as nurse in the cottage, this depression of spirits increased. She seldom spoke to any one; scarcely noticed the presence of her children, excepting sometimes by a smile or a single word; and seemed only to desire to be left alone, that she might commune with her own heart and be still. The Bible and a favorite collection of hymns always lay at her side on the bed, although she read but little in either.

If at times she yearned, with a yearning known only to a fond mother's heart, to clasp her darling once more in her arms, once more to put away the bright curls and kiss his forehead, as she had been wont to do; if she longed, with a longing unutterable, to hear the music of his voice, saying, as he so often did with all the fervency of his warm, loving heart, "I do love you, my pet mamma!" — she gave no audible expression to her emotions.

Dr. Clarke shook his head when questioned with regard to such a symptom in one usually so cheerful and so interested in all about her. When inquired of as to her sufferings, she said

she had no pain, but felt very weary; and, as she was evidently unwilling to converse, her friends refrained from any attempts to urge her to do it. Mrs. Alden and Mrs. Grant saw her daily, and ministered to her wants, which were but few, with sisterly kindness and attention: still her principal desire seemed to be to be left to herself. One thing she persisted in doing daily, generally taking the opportunity for it when she knew she would be left alone for a few minutes; and that was to rise from her bed and totter to her easy-chair in the parlor, which was now the nursery. How she accomplished it some days, it was difficult to tell, so weak was she apparently.

When a tornado sweeps over a portion of the earth, carrying destruction in its track, for a season its course is marked by perished flowers, uprooted shrubs, prostrated trees, or ruined dwellings. But the smiling valley, the green hillside, or the flourishing village, over which it passes, is not destroyed for ever. Nature is recuperatory: in a little while the valley blooms again, the hillside rejoices in its former beauty and verdure, and the village rises fairer and more goodly than ever from its ruins. Thus is it with the human heart under the overwhelming experience of trial and affliction: for a time, all hope and life seem to have died out of it, and it is left a scene of desolation and waste; but the seeds of faith and love and submission, sown by God's own hand, spring up slowly and silently, and ere long bear a rich harvest of heavenly graces.

So was it with Ellen Selby: after days of silent self-communion, she gradually regained her former cheerfulness, although there was no apparent improvement in her strength. The first time she made any allusion to the condition she had been in was to Mrs. Alden, who was sitting with her one afternoon.

"What day of the month is it, Mrs. Alden?" she asked.

"The 15th of January."

"Is it possible? Not that time has seemed so very short to me; but I have taken scarcely any note of its passage. I have been in a strange state, my friend. I suppose there are hours of darkness to all at some periods of life. I have had many such recently."

"I trust light is shining about you now, Ellen, and your heart is at rest."

"Oh, yes! I have sweet peace now, and calm content; but I

have attained to it only through mortal struggle and sore conflict. How little we know of what manner of spirit we are until our faith is put to the trial! I have always had entire trust in my heavenly Father, and have always felt that he doeth all things well. In the recent reckoning with myself in which I have been engaged, this trust has greatly supported me. When I found myself helpless, prostrate, and unable to do any thing for myself or my children, and when I thought of my darling boy gone before me to the spirit-land, how I longed at first to depart myself, and be at peace, that I might be no longer here a cumberer of the ground! But as I lay on my bed, and meditated and prayed, I soon began to experience a change in my feeling; and then I longed to live, as I had before longed to die. The strife was sore, and the battle fierce, that was now waged in my conflicting feelings. The instinct of life was strong within my bosom; and, in the intensity of my feelings, I said, 'Oh! who will supply my place to my little ones? and who can minister to their father's comfort and happiness as I?' Then a voice seemed to say to me, 'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth to him good.'

"And how did you gain the victory in this struggle, Ellen? for victorious you surely were."

"Through Christ, who strengtheneth me," she answered, lifting her soft eyes, so beautiful in their mild loveliness, to heaven. "Through him, and through him alone, as the manifestation of the life and love of the Father, have I been able to attain to that feeling of confiding submission to the divine will which gives peace and repose to the disturbed mind. My mind, for a few days past, has been so clear; I have been living so intense an inward life, while outwardly I have appeared so apathetic, — that I have been able to conceive of and to comprehend, more fully than ever before, the extent of Christ's sufferings for our sake. And as I reviewed, step by step, his whole life in the flesh, from his birth in Bethlehem to the hour of his final agony and cruel death on the cross; and as I reflected that it was for me, and such as me, that he endured all this suffering and woe; when I thought of Gethsemane and Calvary, — oh! then I saw my own sufferings and trials as I had never seen them before, and the words of that beautiful hymn occurred to me which we were speaking of recently: —

‘Burden of shame and woe !
How does the heart o’erflow
At thought of Him the bitter cross who bore !
But we have each our own,
To others oft unknown,
Which we must bear till life shall be no more.’

Will you repeat the remainder ? ”

Mrs. Alden complied, and finished it. At the conclusion of the last stanza, Mrs. Selby repeated, —

“ Still, Saviour ! in thy name we bear the cross.”

That is all, my friend ; that is the whole secret. My Saviour has brought me up out of the pit of despair, and has led me to God. And now, in my weakness and languishing, I feel that his fatherly love is ever over and around me ; and to him I resign myself in filial faith.”

“ You have not, then, the feeling that you have no need of a personal Saviour ? ”

“ Oh, no ! On the contrary, my need of a personal Saviour I have ever deeply felt from the earliest period of my interest in religious subjects ; but the profound reality of such love and condescension in my heavenly Father I have never so fully experienced as I have since the death of my child. Now I am able to say the Saviour is my Saviour, my Mediator with God, my Saviour by virtue both of his humanity and his divinity. All holy, all pure, as he was, he was yet touched with the feeling of our infirmities, the Scriptures teach. In him I attain to the knowledge and love of God as a tender and compassionate Father, more ready to give good gifts to his children than any earthly parent can be. It is as if an elder brother or sister took a timid, offending child by the hand, and, with gentle words and loving representations of their father’s tenderness and compassion, induced the little one to confess his faults, and repent of them, and ask that parent’s forgiveness. Surely, Mrs. Alden, such must be the Saviour to you.”

“ Yes, Ellen ; I feel that I may say, with you, that the Saviour is my Saviour, and he has led me to the Father.”

“ Oh, what comfort, what unspeakable joy, in this glorious doctrine of our holy religion ! How it meets the deepest wants of the soul ! How much support and consolation there is in it

under the trying experiences of life ! How it brings one into communion with the Father ! I think I *know* now what the Saviour meant when he said, 'If a man love me, he will keep my words ; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' "

" But you are, you must be, weary, Ellen," said Mrs. Alden, affectionately arranging the pillows, upon which she sunk back exhausted. " I do not know how I shall answer to Dr. Clarke for allowing you to talk so long."

" It has done me good. And now, when you see Mrs. Beltravers and Miss Leslie, will you tell them that I shall be glad to see them at any time ? Now my mind is at ease, I can enjoy their society ; and they have been so kind ! Edward has entirely conquered his former dislike of Miss Leslie, and fully appreciates her good qualities now."

" One reason of that is, Edward himself has very much changed. What a comfort it must be to you, Ellen, to see him bearing so nobly, and in such a true Christian spirit, his great bereavement ! "

" One of my greatest comforts. Now he sees every thing in such a different light ! Truly, God has been very merciful to me. How easy it seems now to give up all into his care ! If — I die," she added, slowly, " Edward will be father and mother both to the dear ones."

" But your case is by no means a hopeless one, Ellen ; and, now that your mind is at rest, you will rally, I sincerely trust."

" I hope I may, for life is very dear to me ; but I am content, — yes, content : it is so sweet to feel that there is One to decide for me what is best, — life or death ! "

And Mrs. Selby spoke truly. She was content — content, and even joyful — to leave all to her heavenly Father, although life was dear to her, and the objects of her affections still dearer. If such a period of spiritual struggle and conflict as she experienced seem inconsistent with her former unshaken faith, let it be remembered, that, although the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak ; and that even the Saviour himself, in his agony in the garden, prayed that, " if it was possible, the cup might pass from him." To maintain at all times and seasons, not only an undoubting faith, but also a cheerful submission to the divine will, is a condition of divinity rather than of humanity. Al-

though at times Mrs. Selby still felt a shadow upon her, it was henceforth that of a passing cloud, which but rendered the sky clearer.

THE TRUE FAST.

A SERMON FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

BY REV. WILLIAM SILSBEE.

ISAIAH lviii. 6, 7: "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?"

TO-DAY is the first Sunday in Lent,—that period of forty days' fasting which the Christian church has instituted from very early times, in imitation of our Lord's forty days' fasting in the wilderness, and in preparation for those great events, his crucifixion and his resurrection. I remind you of this, not that I would recommend the observance of this season, but because it gives me occasion to speak of the true fasting which is incumbent on us, not only during Lent, but during our whole life on the earth. It is well to be as far as possible in communion with the holy church universal. For one, I rejoice in every proper mode of expressing that communion; and when, as in the present instance, we do not think it desirable to unite in the outward form, we may still preserve and keep up a "unity of the spirit." The fasting from food—bodily abstemiousness—has undoubtedly some spiritual advantages. By putting down the body, we may do something to lift up the soul. Such a belief has prevailed more or less in all ages, and given rise to the whole system of abstinences and mortifications. Nay, everybody is ready to admit; that too much indulgence of the flesh cramps and clogs the spirit. Yet it is evident enough, to one who goes to the Saviour's words for instruction, that any commanded period of abstinence finds no place, directly or indirectly, in his teaching. In the first of the two allusions made of fasting in the gospel history, he warns his disciples against hypocrisy and sanctimoniousness in this observance. In the second, he shows very plainly how unsuitable is the old form

to the new dispensation, and that those who feel the presence of the Lord with them cannot properly fast and mourn: it is only in the dark days, when he is absent from their affections, that they should express their sorrow, by denying themselves the ordinary gratification of the senses. We should gather no precept, then, from the Gospels, requiring us, in the literal sense, to fast. But already, in earlier times, the Prophet Isaiah had spoken of a different kind of fasting, — “to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free.” Thus, to abstain from evil, and to reject it, is the fast which the Lord has specially “chosen” and approved, — that which is to be observed at all seasons alike, and which I merely use this season as the occasion to recommend and urge upon you.

It is well, my friends, to have this aspect of Christian life from time to time presented, — that it commences, and will always more or less consist, in the rejection of every known evil; its rejection, I mean, from our inmost hearts. Why is this called fasting? Why does fasting, in the spiritual sense, mean this? Plainly, because there is an inborn love of evil, which needs to be overcome, just as the natural appetite needs to be restrained and kept within the bonds of true reason. Evil comes to us in a thousand seductive forms, as we know too well; but what makes them seductive is that we have an inward disposition to receive them; and to mortify and subdue this disposition is the true fasting. Bodily abstinence may be practised from merely prudential considerations; but this spiritual fasting requires that we reject evil simply because it is evil, — i.e., because it is opposed to Him who alone is good. Every man who has received a Christian education may know what are evils in the strict and deepest sense of the word; for the Scriptures of divine truth, and, more definitely, the Decalogue, distinctly and fully declare this. And, I repeat, to reject these evils thus made known; to fight against those desires and affections which are seen in the clear light of God’s word to be evil, — this it is to keep the fast which the Lord approves, and which he will follow with his especial blessing.

I cannot, however, be content with presenting the subject in this general form. The prophet, from whom I have chosen the text, speaks with particular emphasis here of the claims of justice and charity. Whatever opposes these heavenly principles, were it our care to renounce and reject that special evil, would it not

be well worth the while to devote a certain definite time to such fasting? Could we more profitably occupy a portion of every year than in the consideration of these great claims? Justice and charity,—these are the comprehensive names for all the duties we owe to each other; these express the ideal of our social relations. A perfect Christian society would be one where these obligations were fully recognized,—where each member of the social body should cherish and manifest towards all the rest the sentiments of justice and neighborly love. And we only need the bare statement of what should be, to remind us how great the contrast with what is. How is our society, here in America, constituted? what holds it together? what threatens to break it in pieces? what are the elements of peace, what of strife, among us? If I could answer these questions in the greatest detail, and point out to you one by one the separate materials which go to build up our social fabric, you would find that whatever was truly conservative, promotive of peace and order, sprung from conformity to these great principles of love and justice, and whatever was destructive and disorganizing arose from setting these principles at defiance.

There are yet many among us who cannot, or will not, acknowledge this fact,—men who deem that peace and concord are to be had only by abject submission to any decrees imposed upon us under the forms of law, however unrighteous; nay, some who honestly fear that our very existence as a social and political body is hazarded while any voice is raised in denunciation of enthroned wrong. But those who are really honest in their dread of disunion and anarchy,—true lovers of peace founded upon right, and not mere victims of selfish timidity,—cannot but have seen the subject in a different aspect under the light of recent events. Who are now the manifest disturbers of social order? Who are they that trample with foul feet upon the dearest rights of citizenship? that mock at the exercise of the freeman's privilege? that invade neighboring States in armed bands, and at length, with base and cowardly murder, show themselves to be the fiends they are? Sad and fearful as it is to think of what is going on at this time on our Far Western border, I cannot but trust in Him, who is always bringing good out of evil, that these barbarous outrages will at length unveil to the eyes of the dullest soul the true iniquity of slavery, and prove beyond all question,

not only that this system is a cruel wrong to the oppressed slave, but also that it is the great disturbing element, the perpetual anarchy, of the republic. Already it has evidently had this effect. Men who never before thought of opposition to slavery as being any thing but fanaticism and faction, begin now to acknowledge that the encroachments of this evil must be checked to prevent utter dissolution. To our amazement and joy, we learn within these few weeks the virtue there is in quiet but firm persistence in this improved public sentiment, and that at length a better voice prevails in the councils of the nation; and still the integrity of the nation is not harmed. I cannot understand the blindness of those who still maintain that these Kansas outrages warrant no conclusions against slavery,—that they are the work of lawless, savage men, who always gather about the distant outposts of civilization, and will seize upon any pretext for violence. Have we not, during the whole settlement of the country, had the same vast border-ground, the resort of reckless and desperate men? Yet when before have such invasions and disturbances taken place? The cruel stimulus was wanting till now. They were not goaded on till now by the fierce arrogance of the slavery-spirit, presuming everywhere on its power, and turning all the machinery of government at its will. With the wondrous, quick circulation of all intelligence—nay, I might say of all sentiment,—from one end of the land to the other, who can be surprised that the words of fury and flame at the capital should become fierce and bloody works when they reach the extremities of the nation? From a corrupt head and heart, how can any but “bad blood” be sent down into the limbs which direct all the movements in the social body? Let it be understood, that I am far enough from charging upon the great mass of slaveholders any conscious participation in these gross outrages upon peace and order: I suppose most of them would indignantly repel any such charge. They are not aware how the system which they uphold tends inevitably to such results; and I have no disposition to measure individual guilt in this matter: it is the system alone which I would arraign. And I say, that this atrocious system of wrong has displayed itself more undisguisedly of late than ever before, and, I trust, to the awakening of a permanent and effectual resistance to its usurpations. There is a Latin proverb, somewhat familiar among us, that “whom the gods wish to destroy

they first render insane." It certainly appears as though this was the process now going on, by which the champions of slavery are hastening its downfall. So doth the Lord make even the wrath of man to praise him. So is it beautifully ordered in the divine compensations, that evil shall be the reminder of good,— shall excite a deeper longing for the good, and urge to greater efforts to attain to it.

The enormous evil of slavery makes every other social evil insignificant by the side of it; for it includes them all. A system which blots out every right of man; which aims to extinguish every trace of humanity; which desecrates all the holiest ties of blood and affection; which, by a fearful reaction, brutalizes the master while he is trying to make his poor victim a brute,— how can language depict this with any thing like adequate truth? What colors can be dark enough to paint it as it is? Not fiction, but the naked fact, makes the thing hideous. It is, therefore, no cause of surprise or regret that this evil should have so engrossed public attention. I pity the narrowness and insensibility of those who can find it in their heart to sneer at the agitation of this subject as a misplaced sympathy for some poor, degraded Africans. Let the wholesome indignation ring out; let it stir and quicken every pulse of manhood, till we become banded together as one man against this intolerable iniquity, determined to use every legitimate effort to suppress and drive back the "swelling tide of woes"!

But there is one question of the highest importance for us to answer to our own consciences: Has our abhorrence of slavery at the South made us more observant of justice and charity at the North? or, while feeling a righteous indignation at those distant atrocities, are we secretly cherishing sentiments which, under different circumstances, would establish slavery here? There can be no question that one may be guilty of this sin without owning a slave; for slavery, when brought to the Christian test, is not a mere local "institution," but a universal malignant tendency in human nature, or more properly the sum and combination of several malignant tendencies,— the love of dominion, the love of pleasure, ungoverned passions, uncurbed appetites, cruelty and contempt. Were it not for this, I could hardly feel justified in bringing the subject into a Christian pulpit. To declaim against a sin which we cannot possibly commit or share in, would seem to

me at least unprofitable, besides the risk of fostering that odious thing, — spiritual pride. If the South alone is guilty, I should say it rather there than here; but, alas! it is not so. Does not many a possible slaveholder walk the streets of our New-England towns? Some of them avow, unblushingly, that they would be such if they could; others have too much regard for public sentiment to confess this; and others still, the great majority, do not even know that they have such a disposition till the opportunity tries them, and, like the King of Syria in the Bible, would exclaim in virtuous indignation, “What! is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?” Ah! it is full time we should take home to our hearts, and ponder well, the grave truth, that the very existence of slavery at the South proves the North also to be guilty. Were society here what it should be, were the claims of humanity and justice here always regarded, I cannot believe Southern slavery would last a day. Not that it would be violently abolished: it would shrink away, abashed, at the very look of those who had a right to “cast the first stone,” because they were “without sin.” This is no mere fanciful sentiment. I put it to your common sense. Look all through society; watch the conduct of individuals; watch the movement of your own feelings, — and see how much harder it is to sin, or rather how much easier to resist temptation, when we know that we have no countenance from companions in guilt. Whether intent on good or on evil, we seek companionship; we are fortified in our purposes by the assured sympathy of others; and very few, if any, can hold out for ever against the general abhorrence, though no syllable should give utterance to it. It need not be uttered: it is enough to be felt.

Now, what is true of individuals is true also of communities and states. The very phrase which we hear so much of, “the sensitiveness of the South,” is proof of this. It feels the moral atmosphere, — it will feel it more every day; for these influences are becoming more and more powerful in all civilized communities, — so subtle and penetrating are the bonds which bind us one to another. And what makes the moral atmosphere of the state but the sentiments and dispositions of all the individuals in it? — of you and me, then, among the rest. Let it be seen, let it be felt, that we “honor all men” as brothers; that we despise none for his color or race or condition; that we are willing to give

time, money, thought, and influence to the relief of the suffering and the deliverance of the oppressed; that we shrink not from labor and difficulty and peril in this holy cause; that our principles are not for sale in any market, South or North; that we love charity and justice infinitely more than earthly prosperity. Let this be the tone which we shall infuse into society around us, and we are laboring for emancipation far more efficiently than any noisy demagogues could do it, whose "love afar is spite at home." Who can object to such labors, and call them "meddling"? Would they not almost disarm opposition even from the most bigoted defenders of the system? Could we thus, "with clean hands and a pure heart," "ascend the hill of the Lord," surely from that holy place every word would tell; and, when we should command this mountain of iniquity to be removed, it would obey.

Let me sum up my argument in a few words. It has been my object, Christian friends, to show, that just as those brutalities on our Western border are the legitimate fruit and result of the system of slavery, so this system itself is the result of a more wide-spread injustice; and that, since our relations one with another in this social compact are so intimate and various, whenever we slight the claims of justice and charity we do something to aid and uphold this odious system of slavery. If it shall seem to any of you, that, in what I have said, I would disparage and dissuade from any direct action against this gigantic evil, I beg that you will reconsider my words, and you will find that they contain no such conclusion; for, surely, among other modes of giving expression to our sense of justice is the exercise of the rights and duties of citizenship, whether by the silent ballot, by the living voice, by the pen, by the press, or even (when it comes to extremities) by ruder, material weapons. I honor the use of all these means according as they are needed; but I say, that, to make them honorable, they should be consistent. Let the words of indignation against the remoter evil be justified by a life of charity here. There are those, as I know well, among the opponents of slavery, who do fulfil this requirement; there are those who plainly do not. God send us more of the first! God hasten the time when we shall no longer witness, either at home or abroad, any neglect or violation of those sacred rights which are due from man to man!

NEED OF AN ATONEMENT.

WITHIN a few weeks, several circumstances have occurred which have renewedly forced upon our minds the question, whether a new element of life and power is not needed in much of the teaching and preaching of the present day, in order to render it truly vital and quickening, and such as may meet the deepest wants of the soul. From the spiritual experience of those with whose secret life we are in any degree conversant, and especially from the free utterance of the wants, longings, and desires of some just entering upon mature years, the thought has again presented itself, that there is a life and a power in the gospel of Christ to meet such needs, and to satisfy such longings, which much that has passed under the name of a Unitarian faith and teaching has either silently left out of view, or, in some quarters, wholly ignored.

Where Christ is presented to the mind simply as a perfect moral teacher and guide, and his death regarded merely as a noble martyrdom, as the necessary consummation of his life-devotion to his mission and principles, — its only efficacy consisting in its sublime example of self-sacrificing love, like that of Paul or Peter, or any other noble martyr, — we cannot but feel that an actual wrong is done to the soul; and the time will come, in some deeper moment of self-questioning, some hour of sudden trial or grief, some season of self-revelation, when it will earnestly ask for a Saviour and Redeemer, for an assurance of faith through the cross and death of Christ, which nought else can give. We well remember listening, while yet a child, to the conversation of one, in whose opinions we had been accustomed to place implicit reliance, in which he remarked, that he regarded the death of Christ as similar to that of any noble martyr in the cause of truth and righteousness, having no direct bearing upon the forgiveness of sin or the salvation of man. We then felt ourselves too young and inexperienced to controvert his words or question the correctness of his views; we accepted them, as the true belief of one wiser and better than ourselves, to whom we were to look for spiritual light and guidance: but when the soul awoke to a deeper self-consciousness, to feel its need of a personal relationship to

Christ as the Saviour of man, we believe that, could he have known the shade cast over our faith by that hour of familiar converse, he would have been silent. He would have paused ere exciting such doubts and questionings as arose in our heart when we compared his views with what seemed to us the explicit statements of Christ and his apostles, as we studied for ourselves the sacred record. "There is no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we *can* be saved, but that of Jesus only." "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." "Without the shedding of blood is *no remission*." "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." "If, when we were *enemies*, we were reconciled to God by the *death* of his Son, much more, being reconciled, shall we be saved by his life." And, in the language of the Saviour himself, "The bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "This is the new covenant in my blood, shed for many, for the *remission of sins*."

Has the death of Christ, then, nothing to do in obtaining for us the forgiveness of sins? Has not God, through the very mission and mediation of his divine Son, expressed that in his holy counsels we can obtain salvation in *no other way*?

We are familiar with the expositions usually given to these passages, and others of a similar import, by leading Unitarians; but we confess that they have never fully satisfied us; for they have often seemed to be explained to suit some preconceived theory,—to re-act, as it were, against Orthodoxy, rather than as setting forth the full meaning of the divine truth as expressed by Christ and his apostles.

When, in our better moments and our most devotional frames of mind, we dwell upon such thoughts; when we consider the great redemptive work of Christ, as foretold by prophets and holy men of old, pointing on, age after age, to its glorious consummation; when we look into the human soul, and read its secret longings and its restless cravings; when we trace there the darker windings of passion and evil, the longings for peace and pardon, and the prayer of bitter anguish for faith and reconciliation,—we feel that there is a depth of meaning in such words; that there is a sense in which Christ died as the *Saviour* of man, which we may never be able wholly to express in words,—for the divine mystery surpasses the feeble power of human language,

— but which has been almost wholly ignored in many quarters among us.

That it is *essential* to our forgiveness and salvation ; that it is the price of our redemption, *opening the way* for the full bestowment of pardon and free acceptance, — expressing, as nothing else could express, God's perfect holiness and justice, his abhorrence of all sin, and, at the same time, his yearning love for the sinner, — we fully believe ; and any faith less comprehensive than this we feel must ultimately prove unsatisfying to the mind.

Nearly all Christians will agree that the greatest object of the atonement is to remove sin from the heart, and produce holiness of life ; but are there not certain states of the mind which crave a different view from this ? Are there not moments of self-accusation ; longings for peace and assurance ; a consciousness, that, with our best efforts, the perfect law of Christ will never be fulfilled, — that need the objective assurance of pardon and reconciliation, given alone in the death of the Redeemer ? Is there not a want in the soul that can be met only by accepting the sufferings of Christ as in very truth a sacrifice *for us* ? Does not this view lead us the soonest out of ourselves, out of a morbid self-consciousness, and impart, even in the *earlier* stages of the religious life, the trust and hope so needful to any true or rapid progress ? Do not many linger at the very outset of their course because they cannot feel that hope of pardon which the Saviour's *death* is designed to impart ? Speak merely of its subjective influence, and many do not understand it, or at least remain wholly unmoved by it ; yet does not all Christian history and biography assure us that there is a quickening power in the *cross* of Christ which nothing else can impart, — a power to touch the most hardened and degraded, a *peace* the world knows not of ? This is one point which we hope to have answered. Does the Unitarian view of the atonement tend to meet the deepest wants of the soul, and to impart inward peace ? and is it adapted to touch the young, and to quicken the soul in the earlier stages of the religious life ?

It is not our intention, however, to enter upon a discussion embracing so wide a field as this momentous subject opens before us. Other minds will do it better justice, and express more clearly the truth. But when we look back upon the long array of noble witnesses to Christ, from the earliest apostles and martyrs

to the present day; when we recall names fragrant with piety, whose living faith has been the very life of the church; when we remember how trust and faith in Christ as the soul's only assured refuge and strength, and his cross as its only seal of acceptance, has been their support in trial and persecution, and their hope in death,—we cannot but feel that in such a faith there are infolded truths of vital reality, which need to be carefully reconsidered, and inwrought anew in the uncertain, hesitating, cold belief of many minds.

Joyfully and gladly do we welcome every sign of a deeper faith, and the approach of a truer Christian union, among those long separated by mere denominational barriers. Let those, who in earnest are seeking the truth, stand pledged to no one creed or party, but, occupying a firm and independent position, whether in public or private, by a prayerful and reverential study of the divine word, seek to know the truth as it is alone revealed in Christ; for truth thus received, and thus alone, renders the disciple free.

And may the coming of that new and better era of the church be hastened, when "Christ and him crucified" shall be its only creed; when he shall be acknowledged in its truest sense as the Saviour of the soul, as the "*Emmanuel*," the propitiation for our sins, and the Reconciler unto God!

P. N. H.

DEITY OF CHRIST.

[An article in the last number of the "Christian Examiner," by Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Salem, aimed at a refutation of Dr. Bushnell's view of the Trinity, and of the doctrine of the Trinity generally, contains this unexpected but distinct and interesting passage.]

We use the language of the apostles in the sense in which they used it. There are no terms employed by them to exalt the Saviour that we do not need for expressing our profound sense of the wonderfulness of his nature, the grandeur of his character, and the importance and dignity of his mission. Overwhelmed by the weight of obligation laid upon us by him, no words of man's device, but such only as the Holy Ghost teacheth, can adequately

clothe the sentiments of our hearts towards him ; and there is no phraseology adopted by prophet, evangelist, or apostle, to assert the magnitude of his office, the majesty of his person, or the momentous consequences involved in the alternative of receiving or rejecting him, that our souls do not spontaneously fill out to the full from their own sure and deep convictions. Does some prophet, seeing in him God manifested, call him " Immanuel "? Verily, in him God is with *us*. Beholding in vision the miraculous establishment, the strength and wisdom, the peacefulness and perpetuity, of the Messiah's reign, does he name him " Wonderful, Counsellor, mighty God, everlasting Father, Prince of Peace "? Amen. The prophet cannot go beyond the historian ; nay, the historian and the prophet meet in the mount of holy contemplation, using the same lofty imagery to invest with super-human attributes the peerless object of their common admiration and praise. Glorifying in the regal majesty and dominion of his Lord, does some raptured saint, with his ear near to God, hear a " voice from the excellent glory " addressing the Son, — " Thy throne, O God ! is for ever and ever ; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom : thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity ; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows " ? Even so, amen. *Laudate Dominum.* We rejoice ; we exult ; we give thanks ; we chant our response with the church, and say, " God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God ; " not *homoiousion* with the Arians, but *homoousion* with the Athanasians ; and none shall receive a heavier meaning from those divinely loaded words than we. Does some apostolic seer, caught up into the heavens, hear a loud voice proceeding from " ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, " of angels, saying, " Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing " ? We would take up and repeat the celestial refrain, " Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

Contributions to Literature. By Rev. SAMUEL GILMAN, D.D. Crosby, Nichols, and Co. — The appearance of a volume like this can inspire no other than the most grateful feelings. A faithful and eminent promoter of good letters, a diligent scholar, a pure-hearted lover of all genuine beauty in thought and style, a writer of rare artistic simplicity and skill, a gentleman who has been multiplying friends through all his life, arranges in a permanent form, and commits to the literary world, the best and happiest fruits of his studies. The sight of the volume awakens a fresh emotion of unmixed veneration and love toward the character of this accomplished divine. The book represents the man,— refined, cultivated, consistent, genial, Christian. The pieces here selected from his writings, formed, in their composition, only the elegant recreations of a laborious profession. But they show the same thorough and exquisite finishing, the same conscientious and consummate care in every syllable and cadence, the same fastidious exclusion, the same completeness of treatment, as if the preparation of them had been the business and vocation of the mind from which they came. They are gathered in, from their vagrant habits in the several journals which they originally adorned and helped to raise into fame, and grouped into a distinct and individual cluster, to shine with a more concentrated and steady lustre. Several of them are familiarly known to the public; others are strangers, welcome for their kindred's sake and their own. "Memoirs of a New-England Village Choir"— a paper so true to the nature and life of the people it describes, that, when it first appeared, several village choirs seriously proposed to take offence at it, as a local and personal portrait— will be read with equal entertainment by old readers and new. The "Essay on Postures," the "Man of Expedients," the "Day of Disappointments in Salem," the "Account of an old-fashioned New-England Pastor and his Lady," the "Week among Autographs," are among the finest specimens of an ingenious and playful fancy, a quiet, gentlemanly humor, a quick-sighted invention, and a chastened taste; while the more elaborate articles — on "National Literature," on "Brown's Philosophy," on "Everett's Oratory," and other subjects — take rank among the highest contributions

to our quarterly reviews. The poems, some of which have a national celebrity, form a fitting climax and close to this choice volume. The whole work, like its author, by its blended dignity and grace, belongs to a school of high-bred manners and classical expression, of which the examples remaining among us are too few. We rejoice in the publication of the one, and offer to the other our highest wishes and congratulations.

College Words and Customs. By H. HALL. Cambridge : John Bartlett. — The little volume that appeared a few years ago under this title has here expanded into a portly duodecimo. It is a book altogether unique, — surprising, both as a whole and in particulars. Out of a not very promising plan, by the judicious and pains-taking zeal of editor and publisher, has been matured a curious and entertaining compilation of droll matters, related to each other only by their common connection with collegiate customs and experience. It deserves a high place among the researches of antiquarians. A large part of the contents is valuable for information, and another part for admonition. The whole goes to show to how great an extent a college community is a world by itself, with its own traditions, rules, public opinion, usages, standards, and dialect.

De Wette's Human Life; or, Practical Ethics. James Munroe and Co. — Dr. Osgood's spirited translation of this work does not need to be introduced to our readers. It is issued now, fifteen years after its first publication, in a new form. As our readers know, this course of lectures is not conceived in a strictly scientific method, differing in this respect from the "Christian Morals," by the same author; neither does it stand properly within either of those strongly marked schools of ethical opinion that represent the chief currents of speculation in philosophy: it is rather eclectic in its plan, and popular in expression. Indeed, to those that read for the discovery of ideas, or for direct helps in fixing their orderly relations, these prelections will appear diffuse. But the enthusiasm that animates, and the liberal sympathies that ennoble, them; the author's ardor and humanity, and keen sense of the morally beautiful and good, — impart to them great value. They have already quickened many students, and have interposed a salutary resistance to the old schemes of selfish expediency by which the accepted education formerly abused the mind of our youth.

The Rod and the Staff. By Rev. THOMAS T. STONE. American Unitarian Association. — One thing about this book is clear; viz., that its author has dwelt upon the high places of clear-sighted

faith, and in the deep places of holy sorrow. No mortal ingenuity could affect the tones and words of profound, solemn, joyous, intimate experience that are found here. Whoever speaks as this man speaks must have walked with God, and rested at the Saviour's feet; and, in judging of a contemplative and devotional work, this is not an unimportant matter. Equally plain, on these pages, are the signs of an unusual intellectual activity and insight. The succession of comforting and inspiring topics presents, informally, almost a complete body of spiritual and moral philosophy. The indefatigable Secretary of the American Unitarian Association has rendered, in his office, few better services to the cause of religion, than in procuring and directing the publication of this manual of devout devotion.

At Home and Abroad ; or, Things and Thoughts in America and Europe. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. Crosby, Nichols, and Co.—There must be a great many persons who will read with avidity what a woman of such elevated views of life, such lively aesthetic perceptions, and such a genius for expression, as Madame Ossoli was, had to say about the Old World and the New,—about the mountains and the lakes, about the Indians and the Italians, about the galleries and the great men of two continents; but, most of all, about the tragic conflict and struggle of the elements of social life in and about Rome, in which she took such a fervent interest and bore such a heroic part. Her letters and actions in relation to this great, sad chapter of Italian history, reveal a breadth and power in her nature far greater than any of her brilliant conversations in the centre of sentimental admirers in and around Boston. Most of the papers have been in print before; but the author's brother, Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, has arranged, shortened, and introduced them with fraternal delicacy and a just judgment.

The Roman Exile. By GUGLIELMO GAJANI. J. P. Jewett and Co.—The circumstances under which this eloquent and lucid exposition of the affairs of modern Rome, and of the political fortunes of Italy, has been brought out in this country, are such as to justify a strong interest in its behalf. Signor Gajani is no ordinary adventurer, seeking private advancement. All who have met him have been deeply and most agreeably impressed with his intelligence, his simplicity of character, his noble bearing, and his pure and lofty patriotism. The station he held, as a member of the Constitutional Assembly, and Law Professor, in Rome, would place his authority as an historian beyond reasonable question. His lectures here have proved him a man of intellectual ability.

His sufferings as an exile excite a natural sympathy for his misfortunes. It is not stated whether he has a pecuniary interest in the sale of his book. If he has, that is reason enough why those who feel for the struggles of the oppressed should buy it; if he has not, whoever buys it will receive more than the worth of his money.

Theodore; or, the Sceptic's Conversion. Translated from the German of Dr WETTE by JAMES F. CLARKE. James Munroe and Co.—This is in many ways a remarkable book. To say that its objects are to combat scepticism, and to advocate a biblical interpretation founded on a catholic, intelligent, and reverent study of the Scriptures; to point out the workings of the German theologic mind,—would be to state imperfectly what it aims to accomplish.

Its pages are interesting alike to the grave theologian and the thoughtful child. The story is intentionally unartistic in its development; and the characters and incidents are always introduced in order to enable the author to discuss some question of morals or religion, and are subordinate to his earnest desire of teaching. The topics discussed are various,—Schiller's "Joan of Arc," Kotzebue's poetry, the "Cathedral at Strasbourg," "Lake Lucerne and the Alps," "Italy and Rome," and, above all, the philosophic and religious systems of Germany. A rare intellectual treat awaits those who have not read this work of one of the foremost thinkers and scholars of this century. The translator's name is sufficient surety that the work has been done well. This book has been now reprinted at the demand of the public taste.

The Philosophy of the Weather, and a Guide to its Changes. By T. B. BUTLER. D. Appleton and Co.—What are the laws that govern the weather? How explain the march of the storm? Why are there rainless Sahara deserts, and spots where there is constant mist? According to what methods does the Guardian of the air regulate wind, cloud, and sunlight? These questions, this book attempts to answer; and, however the savans may judge his conclusions, it is plain that the author has discussed earnestly and carefully a subject which, while of interest to all, is not fully understood by any,—comparing authorities, collecting from different sources a large mass of interesting statistics. Assuring the general reader that the book is comprehensible by the unscientific, we heartily commend it to all those desiring to know more about the mystery of the weather.

Sunbeam Stories. J. Munroe and Co.—In one volume, we here

have a radiant cluster of these bright and ingenious fancies for children, unboundedly popular wherever children get hold of them ; with an introduction.

The Shoemaker's Daughters. James Munroe and Co. — The scene is laid in England. The story is simple, well managed, interesting, in good taste, and has a religious signification.

The Congregational Harp. By L. B. Barnes. Oliver Ditson. — The leading features of this new and interesting collection of sacred music — which we recommend for Sunday-evening practice in families — are, a selection of "Old Folks' Music," of "Sabbath-school Music," of tunes for odd metres, — much needed in the multiplication of hymns of that description, — of select pieces, sentences, anthems, and chants ; while all the music presented is published without alteration.

The Suffering Saviour. By F. W. Krummacher, D.D. Translated by SAMUEL JACKSON. Gould and Lincoln. — With some faults of rhetoric, and some representations of thought in which we might not be able to agree with the writer, these meditations on the last days of the Son of God on earth, arranged under three heads, — "The Outer Court," the "Holy Place," and the "Most Holy Place," — possess a singular fascination and beauty. Uniting Krummacher's well-known and extraordinary power of vivid and glowing expression with an intense inward and spiritual appreciation of the quite unspeakable tenderness and divine pathos of the transcendent theme, they succeed in *realizing* the whole subject. It is very striking indeed to turn from the purely dogmatic, expository, theological, or historical treatments of the Atonement, — several of which we happen to have lately gone over, — to a work of the heart's abounding love and gratitude and praise to the Redeemer, like this. It illustrates, as forcibly as any thing can, the difference between theology and piety, or the office of the head and the office of the feelings in the contemplation of the facts of the redemption. If any person doubts whether the death of Christ is or is not a power affecting personal and practical piety, let him obtain and read this volume. He will not read far before his heart, whatever his understanding may say, will "burn within him." Indeed, we wish our limits were wide enough to admit into our pages some extracts from these kindling "meditations."

We venture the friendly question, whether, considering the dignity of the author and the sacredness of the subject, it is not condescending a little for a publishing-house to set over its advertisement, in capitals, "Krummacher himself again."

Christ's Humanity and his Divinity the same Thing. — This is the title of a published sermon of Rev. C. A. BARTOL. The teaching is, that, by being perfectly human, Christ is also "truly, properly, perfectly divine;" but in the same sense that every man, in the degree of his goodness, is one with God. Like the sermon of Rev. G. E. Ellis, on *The Nature of Christ a Mystery*, it takes an exalted view of the character of the Saviour, and treats the subject in a reverential spirit, without fully recognizing in him that eternity of absolute and underived being signified by the name of God. We cannot find out any sense in which it seems to us either philosophically or religiously true, — as the author says it is to him, — that "it matters not to our Lord's true divinity whether we regard him as developed from man or let down from God."

We have received Governor Washburn's earnest, able, and manly anniversary address before the "Young Men's Christian Union;" — the *Twenty-second Annual Report* of that excellent charity, the "Benevolent Fraternity of Churches;" — Dr. H. Halsted's pamphlet, vigorously written, on the *Demon of the Age, and Means of its Exorcism*, — disease being the demon, and motorpathy the exorcist; with an account of the author's water-cure establishment at Round Hill, Northampton; — the encouraging Reports of the Boston "City Missionary Society," and the New York "Children's Aid Society;" — a Report of the *Deputation to India*, so much in question; — and a brief Report, very touching, pathetically eloquent, and sad, of an "Association for the Relief of Friendless Females" in Providence; presenting facts that one would think would move that city, so that its inhabitants should neither sleep nor rest till the institution that is languishing for want of funds is liberally and permanently endowed.

Ernest Linwood; a Novel. By CAROLINE LEE HENTZ. Fifteenth thousand. John P. Jewett and Co. — This book is popular beyond its deserts. That it must have merit of some sort, is evident from its success. It is level to the common mind; it appeals to emotions that are universal; continual demands are made upon our sympathy for the heroine; there is variety of place and incident; considerable power in grouping; now and then strength and felicity of expression; there are descriptions of home comforts and elegances, that have the same effect upon the reader's mind which Defoe's description of the savory dishes cooked by Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday produce, — a strong desire to enjoy them.

The book seems to want a high aim. The moral of the story, if there be one, we cannot discover. Neither the plan nor the execution is artistic, and there is exaggeration in both. The characters introduced talk in quite an unearthly strain,—too much "like a book;" and their joys and sorrows far surpass those which usually fall to the lot of mortals. Ernest Linwood is a man gifted with all the attributes of a highly cultivated manhood, and yet is so ridiculously jealous, and for such incredible reasons, that, as represented, he is only fit for a mad-house. Mr. Regulus the schoolmaster, "Noisy Meg," Richard Clyde, have all *something* of the human about them; but our general complaint is that the *dramatis personaæ* are unnatural and inhuman. The advice of Dr. Johnson to a young author, that he should strike out from his book whatever he thought particularly fine, seems pertinent in the present case. Usually, when an attempt is made at "fine writing," there is a descent into bombast, and the expressions are often in bad taste. Richard Clyde, describing an angry schoolmaster, says, "The forked lightning ran out of his eye, right down my backbone: it aches yet, Gabriella." Ernest Linwood's "pale face" is said "to light up suddenly and brilliantly, like burning gas." A young lady's eyes "flash like chain-lightning," and, only two pages on, like "gunpowder." A young husband so dislikes to carry his bride to a New-York hotel, that he would "as soon plunge her into the roaring vortex on Norway's coast." To depict a certain class of scenes is like "trying to paint chain-lightning, or the coruscations of the Aurora Borealis;" and so on. The book reminds us, by its sentimentalities, of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," or "Alonzo and Melissa."

The Panorama, and other Poems. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Ticknor and Fields.—This is emphatically a book for the times, and a strong and earnest plea for the sacredness of the human soul. The author is "a good hater,"—one who has looked so steadily upon the obscenities and horrors of slavery, that he represents effectually, in his poems, "the blackness of darkness" which overshadows the peculiar institution. A high purpose; a spirit true to the instincts of the race; rare felicity of poetic expression; insight into spiritual relations and laws; a close and catholic scrutiny of nature; above all, a manly strength and consecration to his calling, as Poet-Protestant against the Present,—these are the traits of the book. The "Panorama," a rhymed philippic against slavery, is the longest of the poems. "Summer by the Lake Side," "The Hermit of the Thebaid," "Tauler," "Maud

Muler," are gems that will obtain an abiding-place in Saxon song. To those longing for a deeper love for man, for pure and Christian aims, for a clearer insight into the high and holy in life, we earnestly commend these poems.

Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands. By Mrs. L. H. SIRGOURNEY. Third edition. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Co., 1856.—The fact of a third edition speaks for the popularity of the book. It embodies the writer's impressions caught from her travels in England, Scotland, and France. There are descriptions of ancient castles, cathedrals, towers, walls, houses (Shakspeare's among the rest), anecdotes of eminent persons, interviews with authors,—all narrated with a thoughtful and Christian spirit. As we closed the book, we could not but ask ourselves when there would arise a writer to do for England what Longfellow, in his "Hyperion," has done for Germany; one who, dwelling in the Present, shall, with his poetic instincts, catch the sweet strains of the Past,—its Saxon and Norse legends, redolent of the North land, full of strength and personified native forces, speaking of the mysteries of the universe as they were afforded to the deep-reaching, wonder-loving, faithful Teutonic mind; one who shall re-awaken in our souls a reverent love of the vanished life that once dwelt in the castles, the churches, the hamlets, of our dear old Fatherland. The book contains two good steel engravings: one of Abbotsford; the other of the Obelisk of Luxor, at Paris.

The Recalled; in Voices of the Past, and Poems of the Ideal. By JANE ERMINA LOCKE. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Co.—We have had occasion before to refer to these poems. Our readers will find our judgment of them recorded in the March number of the "Magazine" for 1854. A new edition would seem to indicate a continued demand for the book.

Thoughts selected from the Writings of the Rev. William E. Channing, D.D. By HENRY A. MILES. Tenth thousand. Boston: American Unitarian Association.—The title of this book speaks more for its value than any encomiums of ours. We dare say there is more religion, more poetry, more high thought, more of the wisdom that guides us through the world as disciples of the Son, than is often found in a whole library.

The Elements of Natural Philosophy. Designed for the use of Schools and Academies. By A. W. SPRAGUE, A.M. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Co., 1856.—This book, dedicated to Dr. Hitchcock by a former pupil, contains two hundred and eighty

well-executed illustrations, and seems admirably suited for a school manual of natural philosophy. The explanations are clear; there is much method in the arrangement; the latest discoveries and appliances in science are set forth,—as, for example, Baine's "Chemical Telegraph," and Channing's "Fire Alarm;" and it consequently so far surpasses most of its predecessors, that we think it must have a wide circulation in the schools of our commonwealth.

The Catholic. By E. H. DERBY. J. P. Jewett and Co.—Of the great company of books designed to confute the claims of Rome within the last few years, in this country and in England, the one before us, by a Boston lawyer, is by no means the least respectable. Written to correct the crude speculations of a youth, it naturally does not enter at large into those profound questions of authority and freedom, of philosophy and faith, which lie at the bottom of the whole subject. But it does what is likely to be more useful to the larger class of minds: it takes up the Romish church as a concrete thing,—as a visible institution, having pretensions and precedents, doctrines, practices, and a history,—and exposes, in a clear and concise style, many of its errors, its inconsistencies, and its dangers. The author has expended much time and reading in making his treatise thorough and conclusive within the proposed limits of his inquiry. Having lately had occasion to go over much of the same ground, we can bear witness to the general success of this survey,—a success not seriously impaired by any trifling or occasional mistakes. As a good many young persons, dissatisfied with the prevailing uncertainty and indifference in Protestant belief and practice, seem to be now turning their attention to the Romish church, such a work is timely. And, of those we have lately examined, hardly one is more likely to meet effectively all the points than this one; though particular branches of the subject are discussed more thoroughly in some other treatises, as in those of Whately, Hare, and Hopkins. Finally, however, we must say, that, according to our experience, a mind that is so constituted as not to be decisively impressed with the incongruity between the Romish church and the New Testament, at the very outset, is not very likely to be restrained afterwards by argument; and therefore we are surprised that these letters accomplished the prime object they were intended for.